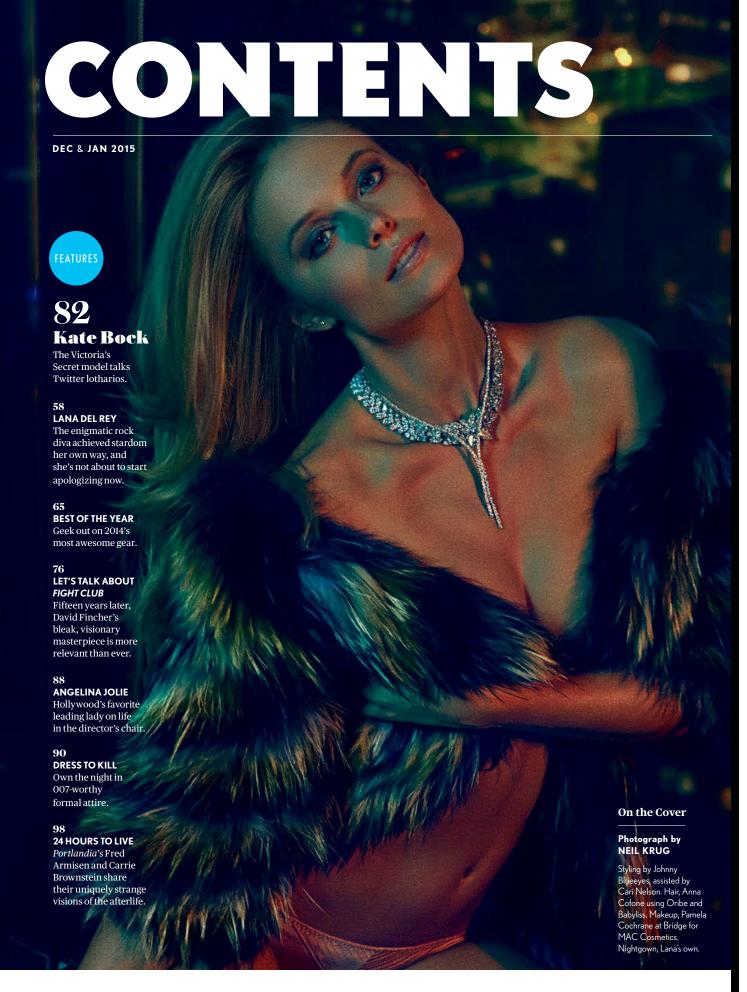


MAVIM COM





Arena

CAT OUT OF HELL

The 700-hp Dodge Challenger SRT Hellcat has officially seized the musclecar throne.

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MICHAEL JORDAN

How No. 23 became the first pro athlete to earn a billion dollars.

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GOOD BOURBON HAS NOTHING TO PROVE.

Evan Williams





Kentucky

STRAIGHT

Bourbon

WHISKEY

DISTILLED IN KENTUCKY, BOTTLED BY OLD EVAN WILLIAM



SERIOUSLY GOOD BOURBON.

evanwilliams.com f





ARENA







I'm choking on smoke in the Dodge Challenger SRT Hellcat, the cabin so consumed by the cloud that I can't see the steering wheel. So noxious are the fumes that I open the door and stumble to the pavement. Bystanders stop and gawk.

No, this is not a Cheech and Chong reunion. And these fumes, while euphoria-inducing, are actually being generated by a burnout *outside* the car: a raunchy, tire-roasting display by the fastest, most powerful muscle car in the genre's half-century legacy. Amazingly, for the first time in that lunkheaded, mine's-better-than-yours history, there's not even a genuine barroom debate: This hellacious, 707-horsepower version of the Dodge Challenger is faster than any production Mustang, Charger, or Camaro ever made. It's powerful enough to make any '60s muscle car shrivel like a 98-pound weakling.

If we're honest, that uniquely "made in Detroit" brand of swinging-dickery cuts deep to the very heart of the muscle car's enduring appeal. Let some women roll their eyes at the honored tribal rituals of street racing, cruising, and cruising for a street race. The appeal here is primal, masculine, and utterly undeniable.

Despite its fuel-guzzling, supercharged Hemi V-8, the Hellcat isn't entirely a DNAderived dinosaur. Dodge's roughly \$60,000 saber-toothed kitty is surprisingly evolved, and downright *cuddly* for driver and passengers alike: The ride proves compliant through old-school streets in Brooklyn and New Jersey, aided by a modern, driveradjustable Bilstein suspension. Racing-style Brembo brakes, along with adjustable settings for the engine, eight-speed automatic transmission, and stability systems, keep the Hellcat on its hyper-driven path. (A six-speed manual is available.) That's a nice change from the days when muscled oafs—cars and drivers alike—could be found wrapped around the nearest telephone pole.

The clever on-dash Performance Pages displays turn the Dodge into a real-life video game, recording top scores for everything from 0-60 and 0-100 mph acceleration to quarter-mile sprints and G-force readouts. There's even Chrysler's slick UConnect touchscreen and built-in wi-fi hotspot, for chrissake, which let me send laptop e-mails while I was parked, as admirers knocked on the windows, offering variations on a theme: "Oh. My. God. Is that what I think it is?"

AN EARSPLITTING APOCALYPSE

Don't worry: The Hellcat might double as a mobile office, but it hasn't lost its jungly taste for raw meat. That became clear at Old Bridge Township Raceway Park in Englishtown, New Jersey. Known as E-Town, the track has hosted drag racers since 1965, including

civilians who today pay \$20 to race their own rides. The Hellcat's progenitor, the original Challenger, with its notorious 426 Hemi V-8, clocked a quarter mile in 13.2 seconds at 108 mph. But that's so 1970. Today, Dodge is spanking the Hellcat through the quarter in 11.2 seconds at 125 mph. That's also quicker than its impressive contemporary contenders, the Ford Mustang Shelby GT500 and the Chevrolet Camaro ZL1. Switching stock Pirelli P Zero tires for stickier but still street-legal Nitto rubber, Dodge sliced this monster's time to a boggling 10.8 seconds at 126 mph. Top speed is 199 mph, another figure that seems more in tune with a NASCAR stocker than a hefty 4,439-pound street brawler.

Here at Englishtown, I stick a finger into the Dodge's exposed eye socket: One of the four parking lamps is actually a hidden air inlet that feeds the insatiable supercharger. I have less use for the Dodge's black key, a parentalguidance special that limits the engine to a mere 500 horsepower. A second red key unleashes the Hellcat's full satanic majesty, an earsplitting apocalypse guaranteed to send suburbanites scurrying and locking up their daughters. The Hellcat not only shreds its pony car brethren, it's also more deluxe and drivable on a daily basis. And it brings on the fire and brimstone. Which reminds me: The next time I do a burnout, I'll remember to roll up the windows. ■



BILLION-AIRE JORDAN

Number 23 is the only pro athlete to achieve a net worth followed by nine zeros. Here's a look at some of M.J.'s other notable numbers.



NUMBER OF GAMES
IN WHICH JORDAN DID NOT
SCORE IN DOUBLE DIGITS,
OF 1,251 GAMES HE PLAYED.



FIFTY-PLUS-POINT GAMES IN JORDAN'S CAREER.

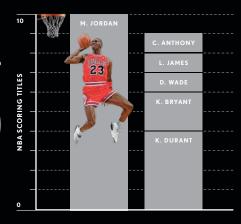
39

POINTS SCORED IN A
PLAYOFF GAME DURING
THE BULLS' 1986 SERIES
AGAINST THE BOSTON
CELTICS. (THE RECORD IS
STILL UNBROKEN.)

63

NUMBER OF SCORING TITLES WON BY JORDAN. KOBE BRYANT, DWYANE WADE, LEBRON JAMES, CARMELO ANTHONY, AND KEVIN DURANT COMBINED HAVE WON ONLY NINE.





HOLES THE GOLFING NUT SUPPOSEDLY AVERAGES IN ONE DAY.





SIBILLION NET WORTH AS CALCULATED BY FORBES.



ESTIMATED AMOUNT M.J. MADE IN 2013—A DECADE AFTER HIS (FINAL) RETIREMENT. (ONLY FLOYD MAYWEATHER JR. MADE MORE, WITH \$105 MILLION.)



FINE FOR WEARING AIR JORDANS DURING HIS ROOKIE YEAR THE SHOES VIOLATED LEAGUE PROTOCOL BECAUSE THE RED-AND-BLACK DESIGN DIDN'T FEATURE ANY WHITE.



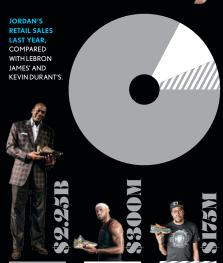
FIRST-DAY SALES FOR 2014'S AIR JORDAN 10 "POWDER BLUE" RETRO SNEAKS. PERSPECTIVE ALERT. ADIDAS MADE \$40 MILLION FROM DERRICK ROSE'S SIGNATURE SHOES FOR ALL OF 2012.













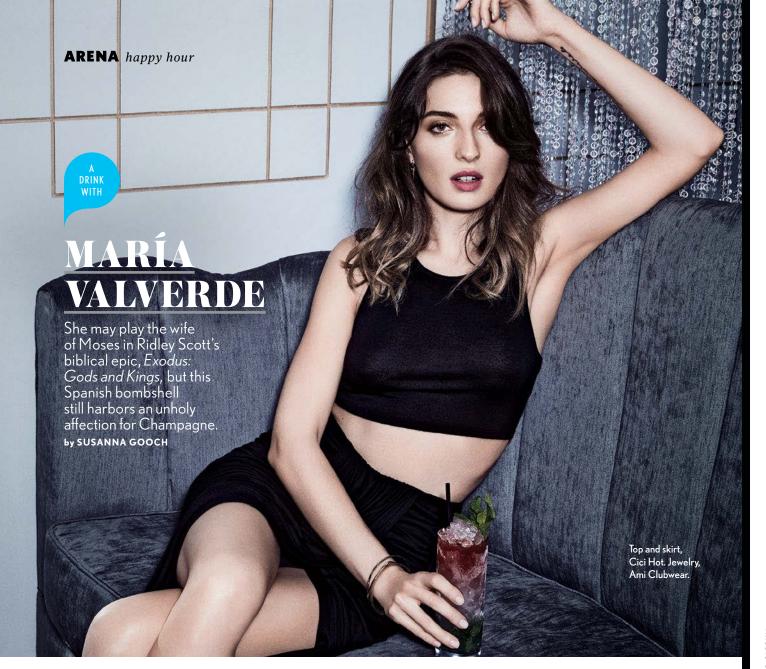




DON'T BE ANTISOCIALFOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE







WHAT SHE'S HAVING

A Hyde Park Swizzle a blend of muddled mint leaves, fresh lime juice, simple syrup, bitters, and gin—at New York City's Dear Irving. Though she usually just orders a flute of the fizzy stuff: "My favorite drink is Champagne," Valverde says. "I love the bubbles and the taste, but you get very, very drunk."

ID CHECK

Born 3-24-87, in Madrid. (Put the calculator down, old sport. She's 27.)

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE

Won a Goya Award at age 16 for her film debut in the acclaimed Spanish indie drama *The Weakness of the Bolshevik.* What, you don't own the DVD?

NEXT BIG THING

Plays the wife of Moses (portrayed by Christian Bale, naturally) in Ridley Scott's upcoming mega-budget, 3-D epic, Exodus: Gods and Kings.

READY TO ROLL

"I have a house in Madrid, and I go back and forth between there and London. When you're an actress, you have to live with your suitcase ready. I'm nomadic. I love that life."

AURAL OBSESSION

"I'm obsessed with Spotify. I have a rock star inside me; I really love music. I don't play an instrument. I can't sing. But dancing makes me really happy."

INSTINCTIVE ACTRESS

"I've never been in a proper [acting] school... Sometimes I miss the technical things, but I think you have to lose your mind and lose control and do whatever you want. I think intuition is the most important tool."

HOW TO DATE HER

"I want a guy who's very quick, sharp, even mean, with clever jokes. I love to laugh."

Thirsty for more? For the cocktail-fueled video of our chat, go to Maxim.com. "I WANT A GUY WHO'S VERY QUICK, SHARP, EVEN MEAN, WITH CLEVER JOKES. I LOVE TO LAUGH."

12



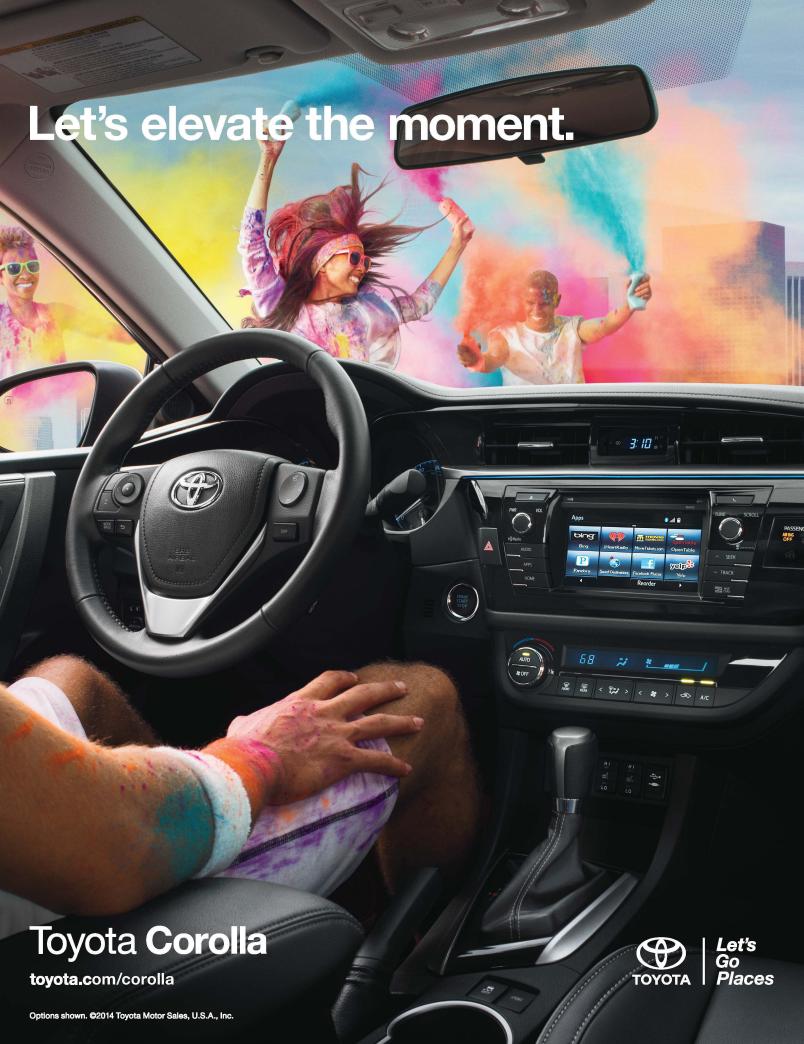
I'm big on image, right down to the camera I carry. My PENTAX Q-S1 is one functional and powerful fashion statement. Portable too, with one of the world's smallest interchangeable lens systems. It's all about image. Mine are sharp and full of life, like me. Life is a photo opportunity.

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RAISING THE STEAKS

The best new steakhouse slabs worth devouring right now.

by JOSHUA DAVID STEIN





STEAK FRITES
PETIT TROIS
Los Angeles

At this 21-seat Los Anaeles bistro collaboration between the meat-crazed Animal boys-Jon Shook and Vinny Dotolo-and chef Ludo Lefebvre. the world's best bar steak (\$33) is served with a decadent au poivre sauce and pommes frites lovingly fried in Wagyu beef fat. The primal allure of this buttery beauty may be the only thing that can break health-obsessed Angelenos from their revolting coldpressed-juice habit.



PORTERHOUSE
COSTATA
Manhattan

At chef Michael White's year-old steakhouse, the phenomenal 40-ounce porterhouse (\$122) is aged, just like Jesus in the wilderness, for 40 days. As with most great steaks, the quality is primarily in the cow (here, from Creekstone Farms in Kansas). not the preparation. The choice Costata cut is seasoned simply with salt and rosemary, seared to epic char, broiled, and served sliced with a yealstock reduction and rendered, dry-aged fat.



ZABUTON **BURCH STEAK**

Minneapolis

Yeah, it's weird: a steakhouse in Minneapolis selling Japanese-style beef from Idaho. Stranger still, the Zabuton (\$42) at Burch Steak pulls it off. The cut is a select hunk of short rib, so it's got plenty of texture. And since it's made from domestic Wagyu, the Burch is as richly marbled as Donald Trump's master bathroom. The eightounce Burch is grilled on a mixture of oak, for temperature, and cherry, for flavor. It's then served with salt, pepper, and hushed reverence.



NIMAN RANCH RIB EYE **KNIFE**

Dallas

At chef John Tesar's Knife, one eats while staring at a chromeand-mahogany meat locker full of future steaks. The one crusted over with a blanket of white mold in the corner? That's the 240-day dry-aged Niman Ranch rib eye, a.k.a. the Dom Pérignon of meat. Once that funky crust is carved off, the steak is seared and served by the inch (\$80 per!). It possesses a wonderfully intense beef flavor, with notes of truffle and Stilton.



NEW YORK CITY CUT

AMERICAN CUT

Manhattan

It takes a madman or a genius to rub a perfectly good steak senseless with spices. Taking his cue from nearby Katz's Delicatessen, whose pastrami-on-ryes are a thing of unparalleled beauty, chef Marc Forgione cures his 20-ounce, 28-day dry-aged, bone-in rib eve (\$44) in a pastrami spice rub, cold-smokes it for 45 minutes over applewood, grills it, then serves the blessed thing with a delectable brownbutter caraway sauce. It's nutty, it's genius, and it's damn delicious.



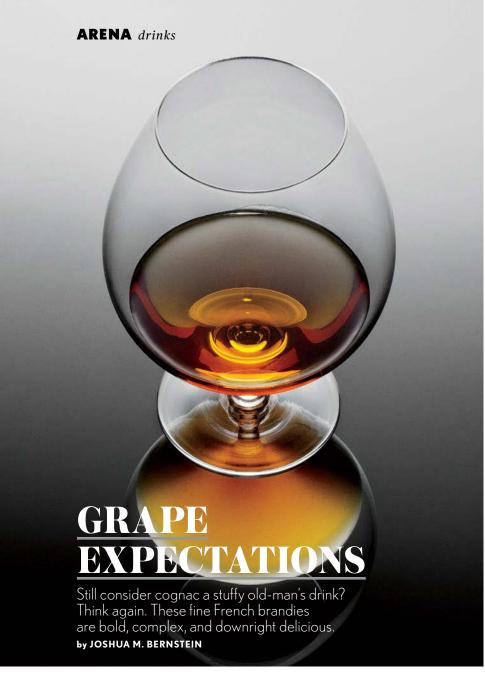
EYE OF THE RIB
BAZAAR MEAT

Las Vegas

This sprawling, Philippe Starckdesigned steakhouse serves beef platters appropriate for the highest of high rollers. But in a town where bigger often means better, the best cut is a tiny, four-ounce jewel called the Eye of the Rib (\$100). The meat, 100 percent Kobe from the Hvoqo Prefecture in Japan, is slow-cooked and arrives with a certificate of authenticity bearing a nose print of the cow it came from.



① PORTERHOUSE, Peter Luger, Brooklyn ② CHATEAUBRIAND, Keens,
Manhattan ③ FULLBACK FILET MIGNON, Ditka's, Chicago ④ COWBOY RIB EYE,
Perini Ranch Steakhouse, Buffalo Gap, Texas ⑤ BLACKENED RIB EYE, Damon's
Steak House, Glendale, California ⑥ PORTERHOUSE, Bern's Steakhouse,
Tampa, Florida ⑦ PRIME RIB, House of Prime Rib, San Francisco ⑧ NEW YORK
STRIP, St. Elmo Steakhouse, Indianapolis ⑨ T-BONE, Charlie's Steakhouse, New
Orleans ⑩ FILET MIGNON, Pappas Bros. Steakhouse, Dallas



Few spirits are as plagued by misconceptions as cognac, which conjures images of creaky Brits nursing snifters or Jay Z guzzling from a Grammy. Get over it. To clear the air: Cognac is brandy, a kind of distilled wine. But not all brandy is cognac. With us so far? As with more commonly quaffed spirits like scotch or bourbon, there are strict rules that define the real stuff. True cognac is double distilled, aged in French oak for at least two years, and produced from the grapes of a distinct geographic region in western France-centered in the medieval city of Cognac. The area was renowned for its wine, but the export suffered on seafaring voyages. To preserve it, 16th-century Dutch merchants turned to distillation, creating brandewijn, or burned wine. (You'd call it brandy.) By the 17th

century, vintners discovered that a second distillation created a clearer, more elegant spirit called eau-de-vie ("water of life"). The resulting spirit was like the well-heeled offspring of wine and scotch, by turns sturdy, delicate, complex, and completely delicious.

"Cognac is the king of brandies," says
Flavien Desoblin, who owns Manhattan's
Brandy Library, a bar specializing in
the refined drink. While standbys Hennessy,
Rémy Martin, and Courvoisier are easy
to find, Desoblin suggests also seeking out
smaller houses, such as Park, Pierre
Ferrand, Delamain, and Paul Giraud. And
don't let the clock limit your consumption:
Cognac is ideal to sip before dinner,
after dinner, or with a splash of soda during
your meal. "It's not just an old man's
drink anymore," he says. Thirsty for a glass?
Try one of these four fine varieties.



PARK BORDERIES SINGLE VINEYARD COGNAC

Dismayed by the tactics of some cognac producers who use oak chips in lieu of barrel aging or add grape sugar to amp smoothness-sacrilege!-Scottish purist Dominic Park founded his house in the early '90s. **His** spirits are lighter and more delicate than most, particularly this vintage fashioned with perfectly balanced Borderies grapes. The beguilingly floral release evokes stewed fruit and vanilla beans. \$55



HENNESSY V.S.O.P. PRIVILÈGE

In the 1740s, an Irishman fought in Louis XV's

army, an experience that, two decades later, led the retired officer to found a brandy house. His name? Richard Hennessy. Today, the company is the world's leader in cognac production, a distinction cemented by Privilège.

Aged for up to 15 years, with a rich amber hue, a nose of cinnamon and cloves, and flavors of honey and ripe fruit, Privilège is best savored straight, on the rocks, or, if you must, in a sidecar. %65



RÉMY MARTIN XO EXCELLENCE

EXCELLENCE

Flashback

to 1731: To nix a grape glut, French monarch Louis XV forbids planting new vines. Seven years later, he makes an exception for winegrower Rémy Martin, whose cognacs soon become shorthand for peerless luxury. To create Excellence, about 300 vintages—oakaged up to 37 years are married into a velvetv marvel. Summer-ripe peaches, plums, and orange

Summer-ripe peaches, plums, and orange peel ride shotgun on the nose, while the fruity low-sipper drinks smoother than a Barry White ballad. \$150 (Go to Maxim.com for exclusive video of Rémy Martin's cognac creation process.)



HARDY NOCES D'OR

For 150
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expression. Noces
d'Or unites more
than 40 different
cognacs aged for at
least half a century.
The result is lush and
multilayered, revealing
caramel and tobacco
in equal measure.
Sip it neat, and take
your time. After all, you

deserve it. \$300

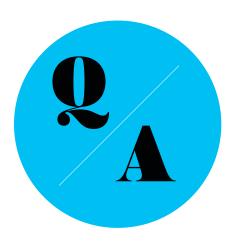
COGNAC DECODER

V.S. Very special. The youngest cognac in the blend is at least two years old.
V.S.O.P. Very special original pale.
The youngest is at least four years old.
X.O. Extra old. Aged at least six years; part of the blend may have aged for decades.

HOT TUB TEMPTRESS

In her latest on-screen splash, Bianca Haase turns back the clock and turns up the temperature.

by JULIAN STERN



"I have a knack for being awkward. I say inappropriate things at inopportune moments," says Hot Tub Time Machine 2's Bianca Haase with a shy grin. At first glance, the Arizona beauty appears to be anything but ungraceful. Until, that is, she begins describing her first attempt at a make-out session: "I started crying and had my mom come pick me up at the movie theater. That was a fail." And if she's getting in a time machine, she doesn't want to travel back to the Victorian era: "It sounds so great to go to the 1800s, but think of the hygiene problems. No tampons!" So, yeah, awkward. "See?" Haase says with a triumphant laugh. "You thought I was lying, didn't you?"

Fun photo shoot? It looked pretty good from our angle.

It was *so much* fun. We listened to Biggie remixes the entire time.

What was it like hanging with the *Hot Tub* crew?

They had auditioned so many people for my part, the actors had no idea I'd been cast, so when I walked onto set and introduced myself, they thought I was a production assistant. I was like, "Oh, no, we're gonna be makin' out soon!" Which is hilarious because it's like I have to make out with someone in everything I do.

Who are some of the lucky guys? Neil Patrick Harris in *How I Met Your Mother*, Joey Lawrence in *Melissa and Joey*, and now Clark Duke.

And what are their make-out techniques? Neil is all business. He just takes charge and gets it done. No hesitation. Joey applies ChapStick beforehand, which is very considerate. And I had to make out with Clark so many times, it just started to turn into something that felt like dead people making out with each other.

The movie filmed in New Orleans.
Tell us your best Big Easy story.
I love alcoholic beverages, and I love to make fancy cocktails for people. But I was in New Orleans for such a long time—and you can't Power Hour all day every day—so I didn't drink too much. Instead, I walked around and watched all the drunk people stumbling around. It puts Las Vegas to shame.

Need a reason to drink? Hey! *I* drink in Vegas, and not for any "reason." I love margaritas! *That's* the only reason I need.

In the *Hot Tub Time Machine 2* trailer, there's a shot of you in your underwear. Yeah, but that's just in the trailer...in the movie, I'm actually topless.

Good. Were you nervous about shooting that scene?

I was a little bit hesitant. You think, like, *Oh*, *gosh*, *my high school principal is probably gonna see this*. But I've never been nervous about boobs in general. They're just boobs.

Like your style!

You know, that's what it came down to. I was like, "I'm gonna make the world a better place. It will be a better place with my boobs exposed."



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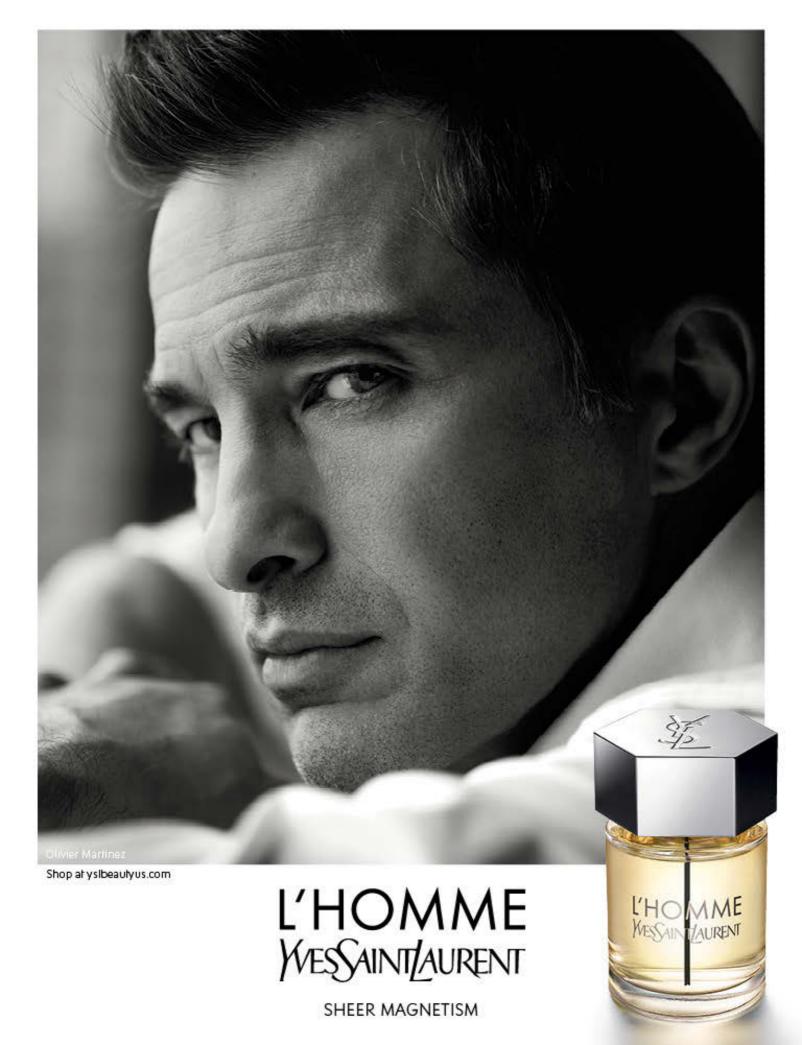
TAP TO SUBSCRIBE

THE STYLISH MAN IN THE MONEY (Clockwise from top left) Lollen wallet (\$275), Bally; compact ID in cross grain (\$175), Coach; Lillis wallet (\$130), BOSS Hugo Boss; black textured billfold (\$45), Calvin Klein; black leather billfold (\$330), Ermenegildo Zegna; Mark wallet (\$395), Jimmy Choo; Calandre wallet (\$470), Bottega Veneta; pebbled-leather wallet (\$340), Salvatore Ferragamo; Enveloppe Carte de Visite (\$295), Louis Vuitton; Chamberlain slim-fold wallet (\$128), Cole Haan. JIMMY CHOO Understated and effortlessly cool, all-black accessories amplify any look. Here are the wallets, shoes, and belts to boost yours this season. by SETH HOWARD



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SHEER MAGNETISM



L'HOMME VesSaint/aurent

Available at Macy's and macys.com



For centuries, Creed has been a go-to for manly men of great stature, including Churchill and JFK. One whiff of Tabarome and you'll know why. A stout mix of leather, citrus, and tobacco, this elegant yet masculine fougère smells like success without being flashy. \$330 for 120 ml; creedboutique.com

Bold-o-meter:

D.S. & DURGA, BURNING BARBERSHOP

This small-batch fragrance is exactly what it advertises itself to be: an olfactory replica of shaving tonics salvaged from a burned-down barbershop. A mélange of charred spearmint, lime, vanilla, and lavender creates a scent that is smoky, bold, and totally unique. Just like you! \$106 for 50 ml; dsanddurga.com

Bold-o-meter:

3 CALVIN KLEIN, ETERNITY

Simple and always popular with the ladies, Calvin Klein's iconic fougère has a fresh, just-out-of-the-shower scent that makes it an easy choice for a day at the office or a casual night out on the town. \$52 for 100 ml; calvinklein.com

Bold-o-meter:

4 NAUTICA, NAUTICA LIFE

This new scent fuses bracing oceanic aromas with a blend of sage, violet, and lavender. Result: a fragrance that's fresh and effortless—ideal for guys looking to add a little flavor to their routine without making too much of a splash. \$62 for 100 ml; nautica.com

Bold-o-meter:

5 DOLCE & GABBANA, POUR HOMME

As one would expect, D&G's take on the fougère was created with sex on the brain. Soft and citrus-laced, this olfactory ode to the Mediterranean pairs well with a slick suit or a steamy late-night rendezvous. \$82 for 125 ml; dolcegabbana.com

Bold-o-meter:

THE BOLD

When suiting up for a big night out, steer clear of delicate fragrances and opt for one of these sharp, woodsy, and distinctly masculine fougère colognes.

by ADAM LINEHAN



FRENCH CONNECTION

BACK WHEN THEY WERE INVENTED (IN 1882!), FOUGÈRE (MEANING "FERNLIKE")
FRAGRANCES WERE AMONG THE FIRST NOT INTENDED TO REPLICATE A NATURALLY
OCCURRING ODOR. IN OTHER WORDS, GUYS NO LONGER HAD TO WALK AROUND
SMELLING LIKE ROSES OR A BUNCH OF CLOVES. TODAY, THE CATEGORY IS PRIMARILY
DEFINED BY NOTES OF OAKMOSS AND TONKA BEAN, WHICH COMBINE FOR BOLD, WOODSY
SCENTS TYPICALLY ASSOCIATED WITH HONEST-TO-GOD MASCULINITY.



A 15 MILLION READERS

WHO HAVE FALLEN

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I love the

From the #1 New York Times and #1 International Bestselling Author comes Captivated by You, the fourth book in the explosively popular Crossfire series, soon to be adapted for television by Lionsgate.

November 18, 2014 | sylviaday.com



1 THE RIGHT HOOK

"I always hang my jeans by the belt loop. I never fold them. I don't like folded jeans because you'll find a crease down the side. So always have lots of hooks around, whether they're on the back of the bedroom door or in your closets. And I don't wash my jeans much; I want to keep the color. I'll tumble dry them if I want to get them a little skinnier if they've loosened up in fit. But my major thing is: Hang your jeans after you've worn them all day."

WATCH AND LEARN

"I have a collection of Rolex Oysters, all from 1965, the year I was born. I have a silver face, a navy blue face, a black face, a gold one. Basically, I switch them out constantly. I wear my silver one more in the summer. When I'm wearing a dark denim and black and navy, I wear my navy face. For evening I'll wear my all-black Rolex face. I change my watch to match my outfit."

3 HELL FOR LEATHER

"Leather is still playing huge in everybody's wardrobe. It's a go-to piece, after the blazer, whether it's a leather bomber jacket with a baseball or varsity collar, or it's punky and biker-y and has more of an edge, or if a guy just wants a simple leather zip-up thing. Leather is a pretty essential part of a man's wardrobe and will continue to be. There's a sexiness and a rebelliousness to leather that I've always loved."

4 CALVIN'S CUTIES

"I've worked with all of Calvin Klein's models, from Kate Moss, who's so sexy and has that great London street style, to Lara Stone [pictured above], who's so hot—her body is so curvaceous. Christy Turlington in our recent underwear campaign, Natalia

Vodianova—all the CK women are sexy, confident, hot, and you'd be so happy to have any of them on your arm as a date. I can't pick just one."

5 DEAN'S LIST

"My style icon is definitely James Dean. I love those early pictures of him in New York City, off duty, going to acting classes. They're black-andwhite. He's wearing a black cashmere topcoat; he's got his horn-rimmed eyewear on and his dark denim jeans. He always had that sense of effortless style."

6 TOUGH BOOTS

"There's more of a tough-boot attitude happening now. We've done this lace-up, mountaineering-inspired, outdoorsy style. We've also done a lace-up boot with a buckle around the ankle in a washed deerskin. It's not so much like a clean, Beatles '60s boot; it's a lug sole, definitely way more rugged."

JACKET REQUIRED

"A beautiful tailored jacket always elevates a man. It gives you presence. It starts from the shoulders down. The first thing you should look at when you put on the jacket is the height of the shoulder pad. At the moment,

it's getting more natural; there's a softening around the shoulder. Guys are working out and going to the gym, playing sports, so to me, a natural yet defined shoulder starts everything."

8 RAW POWER

"What's great about Calvin Klein is we do jeans you can wear seven days a week. We stand for the clean, pure, elevated, dressy jean. I love raw denim. I think fit is important, but I don't like overly skinny jeans. I think that kind of legging jeans on a guy is over. I'm really into a nice raw, indigo, straight-cut jean that's devoid of detailing. That's what makes denim cool."



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MBGAS

Four seriously cool action watches from the legendarily

rugged brand. by JARED PAUL STERN

Founded in Switzerland in 1848-more than a half century before Rolex made its debut-Omega went on to capture the wrists, and imaginations, of Elvis Presley, JFK, and James Bond. In 1917, Britain's Royal Flying Corps selected the brand as its official timekeeper. (The U.S. Army soon followed suit.) And in 1969, an Omega Speedmaster famously became the first watch worn on the moon. All those benchmarks and more can be found in the lavishly illustrated photo book Timeless: The Omega Experience (Rizzoli). In the meantime, here are four signature Omegas that are always on time.



WATCH AND YEARN!

The 288-page Timeless, out in February, can be preordered for \$95.



1 THE SPY Seamaster Planet Ocean 600M

Omega has been 007's brand of choice since 1995, and special editions have commemorated the Daniel Craig era (he wore this one in Skyfall) and Bond's 50th anniversary. But instead of laser cutters or mini grappling hooks, this real-life Omega boasts more seaworthy features, such as a depth-defying helium escape valve. \$6,200

10 THE ASTRONAUT Speedmaster Dark Side of the Moon

Buzz Aldrin and Neil Armstrong wore Speedmasters on the Apollo 11 mission, forever cementing the "Moonwatch" moniker. The striking blacked-out version references Pink Floyd in name only, and instead pays homage to this lunar legacy (NASA categorizes Speedmasters that have traveled in space as "flown"). \$12,000

3 THE DRIVER Speedmaster Racing

Formula 1 icon Michael Schumacher has worn Omegas to the winner's circle many times since the '90s. but this chronograph has been favored by speed demons since 1957. Its dial design was inspired by the dashboards of Italian racecars, and the tachymetric scale on the bezel makes it ideal for timing laps around the track. \$3,500

4 THE DIVER Seamaster Ploprof 1200M

The original version of this deep-sea classic emerged in 1970, and was favored by Jacques Cousteau himself. It soon became known as the ploprof, short for plongeur professionnel, or "pro diver" in French. Water-resistant to a crushing 4,000 feet, it remains a holy diver that any captain would treasure. \$9,400









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AGENDA television

Earlier this year, when Candice Patton was cast as Iris West in *The Flash*, the CW Network's adaptation of a DC Comics superhero tale, producers advised her not to read any blogs. In the comic, Iris was white, but Patton is black, and some fans were unhappy with the change. "I'd be stupid to say race issues don't matter," says the 27-year-old, who's best known for her role in BET's sitcom *The Game*. "But the truth is that my race is really quite irrelevant most of the time, until people make me aware of it."

There are so many comic adaptations on TV now. How is *The Flash* different? *The Flash* is a lot more lighthearted than a Batman or Superman show. There's more humor to it than *Arrow*, even though we spun off from that series. The Flash is a brighter, more hopeful kind of guy.

Iris is a psychology student whose father helped raise Barry Allen, a.k.a. the Flash. If Iris is so smart, why doesn't she realize Barry is in love with her? Listen, in real life if a guy doesn't grab me by the shoulders and say, "I want to date you," or "I want to kiss you," then I really don't realize that he's interested in me. Almost all guys are good at hiding their infatuations these days. And Iris has grown up with Barry always being there as a kind of brother figure.

She probably saw him wearing X-Men pajamas when he was eight years old. For sure. She's seen his underwear and all sorts of other embarrassing encounters. We all have that guy or girl in our life who we don't think of romantically. I've been that girl.

You were also in *The Craigslist Killer*, which I admit I didn't watch.
You know something? I didn't watch it, either.
But, truth told, that is not one of the roles I'm ashamed of.

Not to spoil it for readers, but were you the Craigslist killer? Let's spoil it: No, I was not.

Last Valentine's Day, you tweeted a quote from Plato: "Love is a grave mental disease." Not very romantic.

Jesus Christ, this is why I need to stop doing Twitter. At the time I was very much single, and happy to be single, but I will stand by that statement. It's a lovely disease, but it can be terrible as well.



Last year, you tweeted that the Dallas Cowboys are "like a shitty boyfriend that you keep going back to, knowing deep down he won't change."
When I die, I want Tony Romo to be my pallbearer, so he can let me down one last time. I grew up in Dallas where football is just everything.

Then why don't you have a Texas accent? I went to SMU, and my theater training included speech and voice class. They beat the accent out of you. But if you get me drunk, that accent comes out pretty quickly, and I'm y'all-ing all over the place.

SMU's a party school, and you graduated summa cum laude. How'd you do that? I studied a lot and was kind of a loner. I maybe went to one or two Greek parties in my entire four years. In high school, I'd get plays from the library and read them in my car during lunch period. That's so embarrassing.

Your dad was an FBI agent. Did you ever rebel against law and order?
I was a rule follower, but I will say this: I did not come home on prom night. I was hanging out with my friends, and we all fell asleep.
The next morning, my boyfriend drove me home and was like, "I have to go in and talk to your dad." I said, "You do not want to do that. You won't come out of that house alive."

I thought you were going to say you didn't come home because you were sitting in your car reading plays.
Yeah, well, that sounds like a lovely prom night, actually.

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Yes, you might have to be Vito Schnabel to date Heidi Klum, Demi Moore, or whatever It Girl or übercougar he's squiring these days, but you don't have to be an A-list art world scion to properly party down at Art Basel in Miami Beach (December 4-7). In fact, the true masterworks gracing this jet-set-saturated scenefest-with more than 260 galleries displaying roughly \$2 billion worth of art-emerge at the endless array of Basel parties and the beautiful women who flock to them. Heading to Miami to experience it for yourself? Follow these Basel-tested tips, and you just might channel a little performance art of your own...

PARTY LIKE AN ART STAR

Basel's most crash-worthy and babe-infested soiree is held every year at WALL in the W SOUTH BEACH HOTEL & RESIDENCES, cohosted by the aforementioned Schnabel and his modelizing wingmen: South African gallerist Alex Dellal and Greek shipping heir Stavros Niarchos. And it's sponsored bywho else?-Dom Pérignon. Afterward, head to the W's LIVING ROOM LOUNGE, where your handcrafted cocktails will be shaken, stirred, and served with a fresh sprig of scene. You'll find yourself in the company of wannabe Basquiats, Euro-trashed collectors, and plenty of smoking-hot girls. If you're lucky, you'll also get some sexy spillage from THE DUTCH, where New York real estate tycoon Aby Rosen hosts a superprivate, invitation-only dinner party that's a magnet for the likes of Sean Penn, Lenny

Kravitz, and art-dealing demigod Larry Gagosian—and the hotel and garmento heiresses desperate to mingle with them.

LOCATION, LOCATION

For a guaranteed Art Basel epicenter, head to <u>soho beach house</u>, where stilettoed stunners strut through the lobby day and night like a well-choreographed Beyoncé video. An exceptionally colorful crowd gathers here, the unofficial Basel canteen, for rehydrating, dehydrating, or just to be seen. You'll be within walking distance of <u>liv</u>, the cavernous yet chic superclub inside the <u>FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL</u>, with two confetti cannons and countless celebrity regulars. Then it's just a short cab ride to <u>THE BROKEN SHAKER</u>, Miami Beach's reigning hipster haven, where facial hair isn't just ironic; it, too, like all else this week, is another form of



art. But even more masterful are the cocktails here. Throw back a Fireball Old Fashioned—Old Forester bourbon stirred with spicy cinnamon, bitters, and a flamed orange twist. And since the intimate, candlelit backdrop of the Shaker's host, the FREEHAND MIAMI, is a perfect setting for chatting up Basel beauties, consider it the perfect canvas to create your very own late-night pièce de résistance.

MAINLAND MUSTS

WYNWOOD WALLS, a six-building complex featuring murals by some of the world's foremost graffiti masters, is an inland spot where art matters even more than in South Beach, so do some quick Wikipedia research on your smartphone of today's edgiest street artists before rolling through. You'll find a funkier crowd here (and maybe a cameo by avowed Basel fan Pharrell Williams). Down some craft brews at nearby KUSH, where free-range fried chicken and Florida alligator bites soak up the suds flowing from 18 taps. At WYNWOOD KITCHEN & BAR, chase your booze with ropa vieja empanadas or the WKB Hamburguesita, a juicy blend of chorizo and chicken served with pickled jalapeños. Then hit the bar at BRICK HOUSE to sip small-batch whiskey, chat up adorable gallery assistants, and judiciously name-drop Damien Hirst over the din of vintage rock, punk, and New Wave.

BASEL BY DESIGN

Party-hop through the Design District, just south of Miami's Little Haiti neighborhood, where stretch limos full of boldface names shuttle between "spaces," galleries, MC KITCHEN (upscale Italian with a heavy side of Miami Heat players), MICHAEL'S GENUINE FOOD & DRINK (local, seasonal, and always packed with heavy hitters and their requisite arm candy), HARRY'S PIZZERIA (craft beer and primo gourmet pies), and OAK TAVERN (bustling bar scene and house-cured charcuterie), before rolling up Biscayne Boulevard to the swingingly retro VAGABOND HOTEL'S pool bar for a nightcap or three.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DAMN ART?!

Oh right, we almost forgot: There's art practically everywhere during Basel week. Command central is the MIAMI BEACH CONVENTION CENTER, a Willy Wonkaesque whirlwind of people, Plasticine, actual masterpieces, and almost-masterpieces that could be snapped up for millions. Take an \$8 million Jeff Koons sculpture sold here in 2013, or an eight-by-eight glass shadow box with rows of dead—er, preserved—spiders that sold for \$3 million last year. Astute collectors and curious celebs alike—ranging from Will Ferrell to Lindsay Lohan—have browsed the assembled works, looking for that perfect

Banksy knock-off to hang over the fireplace at their Malibu beach house (just don't forget your Black Card).

Museum; Michael's Genuine Food & Drink; LIV nightclub.

SEXY STAYS

W SOUTH BEACH HOTEL & RESIDENCES:
It's no wonder the sleek and sultry
W lures some of the biggest names (and
fattest wallets) to Basel's South Beach
headquarters: It has one of Miami's most
debauched discos (WALL), a satellite of a
molten-hot Manhattan eatery (THE DUTCH),
and a pool scene straight outta the
French Riviera, where bikinied beauties
luxuriate in private cabanas with their
German gallerist boyfriends.
VAGABOND HOTEL: The newest—and
most retro—retreat in town evokes the glory
days of 1950s road-tripping with old-school
aplomb. The 45-room hotel, risen from the

ashes of time after a swell-egant makeover, is where pretty young things mix with aspiring wheeler-dealers on seedy-slash-sceney Biscayne Boulevard.

FREEHAND MIAMI: A boho hostel with a grown-up summer-camp vibe, this cheeky hideaway offers both private and shared rooms (featuring twin-size bunk beds). Don't miss the outdoor oasis, complete with pool

and the Broken Shaker, where killer cocktails

are works of art in their own right.

ART BASEL INTEL Pronounce it
"BAA-zuhl," like a
proper art world
operator, not "basil"
like the leafy herb
that adorns your

Margherita pizza.

Remember,

"Vernissage" may sound like an STD, but it's just a fancy term for the VIP preview at Miami Beach Convention Center. Know that Basel is actually more Manhattan than Miami: New York boasts 91 of the 267

galleries this year.

Prepare for weirdness: Demi Moore brought a stray kitten as her date to a Chanel-sponsored Basel dinner last year. Watch 70 films and videos on the 7,000-square-foot outdoor wall of the Frank Gehrydesigned New World Center.





CHARLIE DAY—
STAR OF IT'S
ALWAYS SUNNY
IN PHILADELPHIA
AND THE NEW
HORRIBLE
BOSSES 2—
LIKES IT WEIRD.

In the *Horrible Bosses* movies, your character is sexually harassed by Jennifer Aniston, and hates it! What's up with that? Well, in reality I like her a lot. But man, she's famous. *Really* famous. She has what I'd describe as an *undesirable* level of fame.

Horrible Bosses 2 stars three Oscar winners—Kevin Spacey, Jamie Foxx, and Christoph Waltz. And yet the leads are you, Jason Bateman, and Jason Sudeikis. No offense, but isn't that backward? Yeah, it's pretty crazy. But the three of us have very similar and strange tastes, so it was one of those things that just clicked.

It's Always Sunny is going into its 10th season. Did you and costars Rob McElhenney and Glenn Howerton expect that kind of staying power?

No way. In the beginning it was "Let's see if we can get something on the air." Then it was "Let's see if we can *keep* it on the air." Then, "Let's see if we can make it to syndication." And now it's "Let's see how long we can drag this damn thing out."

Did you know going in how reliably un-PC the show would end up being? Well, none of us are PC in our daily lives, and we'd all rather see an R-rated comedy than a PG comedy. We all have a dark sense of humor, but it was never a question of pushing the envelope. It was just, "Well, do we think this is funny?" We just ran with it.

How did the show start?

The three of us knew each other from various auditions, so we became friends and started hanging out doing, uh...

Drugs?

Yeah...and script readings! We were creative and ambitious!

Like showing two homeless guys having sex under the Jersey shore boardwalk, as you did this season?

I actually pitched that scene, because I'd seen it in real life!

Wait, what?

Oh, I've seen worse. When you live in New York, you see all manner of freaky behavior, whether it's people defecating in public or making love to one another.

"Making love" makes that scene sound a lot more romantic than it was.

Well, it was definitely consensual. I think it was Rob's idea to have the guys' pants down. That was further than I wanted to go with it.



YOUTUBE **SENSATION** NIYKEE HEATON IS READY TO COME OUT OF HER BEDROOM.

by ADAM LINEHAN

MISFIT TO VIRAL HIT

"I was the weirdo in high school, with zero self-confidence, who no one wanted to talk to," says Heaton, a 20-year-old bombshell whose recently released debut EP, Bad Intentions, crushed the iTunes Top 10 charts. While her Midwestern classmates were getting drunk and going to raves, she holed up in her bedroom, writing tunes and uploading her uniquely sugary acoustic renditions of gangsta-rap tracks by Lil Wayne, A\$AP Rocky, and Pusha T to YouTube. "I told my mom that if nothing happened with my music by the time I turned 18, I'd quit it and go to college." A day before her 18th birthday, Heaton's full-throated cover of Chief Keef's "Love Sosa" went viral.

GIRL ON THE RUN

Within months, she was onstage for the first time, performing "Ashtrays and Heartbreaks" with Snoop Dogg. "The show was the same night as my prom," she says. "That was my best revenge." These days, Heaton spends her time bouncing between Chicago, New York, and L.A. When she goes home, it's to visit her family. "I never fit in," she says. "I did everything I could to graduate six months early and get the hell out of town."

THE VIRTUOUS **VIRTUOSO**

Heaton's social-media savvy isn't limited to YouTube. She frequently posts revealing photos on her wildly popular Instagram page, currently pushing 700,000 followers. "Feelin good about my selfie game today," she and rear portraits of herself in a microbikini. She's racked up more than 20 million YouTube views, which led to a contract with Capitol Records, where her label mates include Katy Perry and Sam Smith. But despite her sex appeal, the 5'8" siren remains resolutely single. "My main objective in life is to make amazing music," she says, "and I don't really have the time or energy to throw a relationship into that mix. I don't enjoy clubs or partying." That's not to say Heaton doesn't know her type, "I'm really attracted to silent

confidence-someone

shit but doesn't have to

have a gift for defusing

the egos of people she

rappers. "Almost every

comes across-even

who knows he's the

say it." She seems to

rap song I've covered, the artist reached out to me and expressed their support," she says.

BEATS AND BARDS

A self-taught guitar player and singer, Heaton disarms tough lyrics with a soft, folkoriented delivery. She describes her music as "a mixture of urban, pop, and Shakespeare" and draws from myriad influences: Imagine Jewel infused with a deep affinity for hip-hop culture. "My biggest idol was Bob Dylan," she says. "So I studied him, and I also studied Tom Waits and the Pogues." Then, in the early 2000s, Heaton got seriously into rap, by way of Lil Jon. "I was in fifth grade, and I started blasting him on my boom box," she says, giggling. "My siblings were like, 'What are you doing?' And I said, 'Relax, this is my life now.' I think I honestly owe my entire





THIS MONTH'S UNBROKEN AND WILD ARE BASED ON AMAZING TRUE TALES. CAN THEY TOP THESE CLASSICS?

Adapting a nonfiction book into a film is a tricky business, leaving filmmakers open to vociferous complaints of "That's not how it happened!" Two hotly anticipated adaptations of reallife adventures hit screens this winter. Angelina Jolie's Unbroken, based on the Laura Hillenbrand best-seller, follows Olympic track star Louis Zamperini's grueling WWII tales of survival. And Wild, starring Reese Witherspoon, depicts the exploits of author Cheryl Strayed, a former heroin addict who walked 1,100 miles along the Pacific Crest Trail. Can they join the pantheon of great true-life film adaptations? It'll be tough to surpass the genre's five best. -Bilge Ebiri



The Washington Post's Bob Woodward (Robert Redford) and Carl Bernstein (Dustin Hoffman) uncover the Watergate scandal through research, luck, and the help of the mysterious Deep Throat (Hal Holbrook).

ACCURACY

Based on the hit book, the film was studiously authentic.

ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

It conveys both the romance and the grind of big-time journalism.

PERFORMANCES

Trust us, Redford and Hoffman are very convincing as reporters.



Martin Scorsese's masterpiece about boxing champ Jake LaMotta (Robert De Niro) is a spiritual meditation on violence.

ACCURACY

LaMotta was a consultant on the film, but this is really all about Scorsese imposing his own obsessions on the tale.

ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

The violence of the boxing scenes is still unparalleled, but the domestic scenes between LaMotta, his wife (Cathy Moriarty), and his brother (Joe Pesci) are almost as brutal.

PERFORMANCES



FIELDS 1984

Roland Joffé's haunting drama details the friendship between journalists Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston) and Dith Pran (Haing S. Ngor) in the waning days of the Cambodian civil war.

ACCURACY

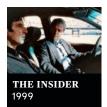
It's based on Schanberg's New York Times Magazine story, and the most disturbing elements are also the most accurate.

ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

Grim but beautifully made. A prime example of politically engaged '80s filmmaking.

PERFORMANCES

survived the Khmer



Michael Mann's drama follows a research chemist (Russell Crowe) for a Big Tobacco firm who revealed his company's sins to 60 Minutes—only to have CBS execs try to kill the segment.

ACCURACY

Mann is notorious for his attention to research

ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

The story, based on a Vanity Fair feature, is a media exposé, but Mann shot it like a thriller.

PERFORMANCES

Amazingly, within a year, the pudgy, seemingly middle-aged Crowe would become a bona fide action hero



In adapting Ben Mezrich's take on Facebook, director David Fincher and screenwriter Aaron Sorkin portrayed Mark Zuckerberg (Jesse Eisenberg) as a perpetual outsider who burns his friends.

ACCURACY

Zuckerberg said the film misrepresented him but nailed his boring collection of gray T-shirts.

ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

Tough to resist the rat-tat-tat dialogue in Sorkin's script, or Fincher's dark notes.

PERFORMANCES

Eisenberg is awkward with an icy edge-







CHRIS STEIN/ NEGATIVE by Chris Stein (Rizzoli)

IN THE INTRODUCTION to Chris Stein/ Negative: Me, Blondie, and the Advent of Punk, singer Debbie Harry (above) defines voyeur: "an obsessive observer of sordid or sensational subjects." Stein, cofounder of the '70s New Wave band Blondie, acclaimed photographer, and (not for nothing) former boyfriend of Harry's, is the best kind of voyeur-one with bona fide insider access. This collection of grimy images, some previously unpublished, captures rock'n'roll extremists, including the Ramones, the New York Dolls, Iggy Pop, and a disarmingly baby-faced Joan Jett, in unguarded moments. And Stein's wry commentary adds context to his view of the gritty, cheap, and often dangerous Lower East Side scene where punk was born squealing. Published on the occasion of Blondie's 40th anniversary, Chris Stein/ Negative is a treasure trove of cool that defies the passing of time.



BROTHAS BE, YO LIKE GEORGE, AIN'T THAT FUNKIN' KINDA HARD ON YOU? A MEMOIR by George Clipton

by George Clinton with Ben Greenman (Atria Books)

BEFORE GEORGE CLINTON became the godfather of funk, his specialty as a barber in Plainfield, New Jersey, was the "quo vadis" hairstyle-close, high, and tight. In this riotous memoir, Clinton displays equal amounts of enthusiasm for all his talents, whether he's wielding a pair of shears or landing a spaceship onstage. As maestro of two formative acts, Parliament and Funkadelic, he created a new musical movement in the '70s that combined the soul of James Brown, the R&B of Motown, and a huge dose of psychedelic rock. "We were too white for black folks and too black for white folks," he writes. "We were a source of confusion." On his journey out of Jersey, he used a suitcase of counterfeit money to buy studio time, took a lot of LSD, and watched George H.W. Bush's helicopter fly past his hotel room as he snorted cocaine. Forty hit singles later, he's one of the most sampled musicians of all time. Pretty impressive for a guy who can't play an instrument and admits he doesn't sing well.



MARK MOTHERSBAUGH: MYOPIA

by Adam Lerner (Princeton Architectural Press)

MARK MOTHERSBAUGH IS best known as a cofounder of postpunk band Devo, an art project conceived while he was a student at Kent State University. The band's music video for "Whip It" helped define the medium and made them early MTV stars. Behind the weird costumes and deadpan sense of humor, Devo was also a work of "radical theater," based on the idea that the world had begun to devolve. That concept has also informed much of Mothersbaugh's post-Devo work, as a prolific visual artist and sound-track composer for films including the The Royal Tenenbaums and children's shows like Rugrats. Myopia, a lavishly illustrated catalog set to accompany a six-city retrospective of his artwork, features a career's worth of paintings, photos, and sculpture, and rightly positions Mothersbaugh-that guy from the band with the funny hats-as a central figure of contemporary pop surrealism.

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EMPORIUM



EMPORIUM mountain madness

BOARD CERTIFIED

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1. Ride Helix

Whoa, boy. The Helix has more pop than a Michael Jackson rerelease. That's a good thing for parkgoers. So is its centered, trick-friendly stance and heel-side and toe-side edges that make turning breezy. It's fast, fun, and works as well in the terrain park as it does in all-mountain territory. \$500; ridesnowboards.com

2. Burton Flight Attendant

This board is begging for a Mile High Club joke. But seriously, it's amazing how damn well it coasts through everything from deep powder to hardpack. Made to be ridden with more nose than tail, it puts you in prime position to launch airs wherever you go on the mountain. \$500; burton.com

3. Lib Tech Jamie Lynn Fundamnmental

More Land Rover than Lamborghini, the Fundamnmental is a go-anywhere, tackle-anything, free-ride deck. Wavy edges bite into ice for a honey badgeresque grip; the rocker between your feet offers a laid-back feel. Turns are surf-style smooth thanks to just enough heel and toe camber. \$560; lib-tech.com

4. Arbor Shreddy Krueger

While its arrowhead shape is old-school, the deck of this board is anything but: Arbor utilized a sophisticated reverse camber—think of the U-like divot at the tail end of a surfboard—that maintains float in powder yet keeps handling playful when you're headed out to the groomers. \$495; arborcollective.com



THIS HELMET BRINGS THE NOISE

Screw the traditionalists: Shredding's better with a sound track. In addition to its head-defending EPS-foam liner and molded plastic shell, the well-vented POC Fornix Communication is equipped with built-in Beats by Dr. Dre headphones. Plug in your phone and control the low-end heavy sound while you carve. \$240; pocsports.com





ASPEN LIVES UP TO THE HYPE

Colorado's snow mecca is world renowned for a reason: Nowhere else in the U.S. will you find such a vast selection of downhill terrain fused with the nightlife of a white-hot metropolis. The town tiptoes between rowdy and refined; you're as likely to see mink-adorned women slinking into boutiques as A-listers raging at the après haunts. And the place is seated by four mountains that offer 5,547 acres and more fresh lines than a '74 Fleetwood Mac tour bus. Here's how to attack the unique type of upscale downhill.



SKI: A single lift ticket opens the gates to the area's four resorts-Ajax, Aspen Highlands, Buttermilk, and Snowmass-all easily accessible by ski bus. Spend a day getting your mountain leas at Buttermilk, which has a slew of beginner trails as well as a 100-feature terrain park (including the X-Games' 22-foot Superpipe). Day two, hit up Snowmass, the largest local hill, and play around its famous sunny western patches. Day three? Attack Ajax's screaming blue runs and then test your mettle at the 12,392-foot Highlands Bowl.

CRASH: A snowball's throw from all the late-night action, the Limelight Hotel recently underwent a \$1.1 million face-lift that saw each of its 126 rooms fitted with additional space and a modern, shabbychic aesthetic. It's as luxurious as an Aspen resort should be, but the crowd is athletic, good-looking, and way below retirement age.

TASTE THE ROCKIES

Aspen's Highlands Bowl offers stunning above-cloud views and some of the country's best outof-bounds runs.

EAT: At Element 47
executive chef Bryan
Moscatello serves
soulful American
cuisine. Order the
braised Colorado
lamb loin, but first, ask
to be escorted to the
20,000-bottle wine
cellar, where one
of the world's youngest
master sommeliers,
Carlton McCoy, 29,
will uncork the bottle
of your choice.

DRINK: Wheeler Opera House was Aspen's first bank and library; now it's home to Justice Snow's and one of America's largest cocktail menus. Any drink will do you right, but don't leave without ordering the King Over Waters: an off-menu mix of Grand Marnier, Ardbeg Ten Years Old scotch, cranberry liquor, chocolate-molé bitters, lemon juice, and five-spice honey.

HOW TO HIT THE TOWN RIGHT



4PN

39 DEGREE LOUNGE

Some folks ski Aspen just to hit this Sky Hotel hot spot. The outdoor-poolhot-tub scene is as close to a Vegas party as you'll find in Colorado. Hit the dance floor, or sip a Stranahan's Whiskey Alpine (a big, boozy slushie) while taking in the scene from a comfy, oversize couch.



10 P.I

BELLY UP

Eat dinner, then hit Belly Up, a 450-seat concert hall/megaclub. Don't be surprised to find Jurassic 5 spinning one night and Jack White wailing the next. Bounce to the music, and toss back PBRs with a crowd ranging from Olympians to Oscar winners.



LATE NIGHT

ESCOBAR LOUNGE

Decorated with disco balls and portraits of the titular drug-cartel leader, the Escobar Lounge is where sweaty bodies mingle on the dance floor after hours. Book a VIP table for the best seat in the house.



DOWNHILL RACERS

THIS YEAR'S
SKIS ARE LIGHTER,
GRIPPIER, AND
MORE SPECIALIZED
THAN EVER. AFTER
ARCING TURNS
IN MORE THAN
30 NEW PAIRS,
WE CHOSE THE
FOUR BEST.

1. Rossignol Experience 100

See the Experience's odd-looking honeycomb tip? It's created by a unique build process and serves to lessen the ski's overall weight, sharpen turning, and up overall playfulness. The ski pops gracefully over bumps and steamrolls through Eastern crud. But it's the rare all-mountain ski that excels on high-speed groomers, too. \$850; rossignol.com

2. Nordica NRGy 100

At 100 mm underfoot, the NRGy is a flat ski designed to own groomed trails and conquer bumps. No surprise, it does that well. What shocked us: It handles powder equally well. Credit the oversize tip, which allows the ski to float above the snow. A hefty sidecut and wood-metal core endow it with Carrera GT levels of control. \$800; nordicausa.com

3. Scott Black Majic

The Majic is built to carve—and does it damn well. A wood-metal core dampens the ski and provides the stiffness needed to hold strong on hard surfaces, while the unique shape enables a large turning radius. Bottom line: It's as comfortable snapping slalom turns as it is bombing big arcs down the mountain. \$900; scott-sports.com

4. Atomic Bent Chetler

A perennial for serious skiers over the past six years, the Bent Chetler received a full makeover this season. Atomic shaved weight and added plastic inserts to the tip and tail, which let the ski soar through the deepest powder. It's as playful as a Boston terrier, allowing effortlessly smeared turns, especially in tight situations around trees. \$850; atomic.com

STOWE STEPS UP THE **EAST COAST**

The western U.S. gets all the winter glory. But nobody puts Stowe in the corner. What the Vermont town lacks in elevation and pure powder it makes up for in accessibility and attitude. Four hours from NYC and Boston and an hour from Burlington Airport, the area boasts the best terrain in the Northeast. Stowe Mountain Resort spans 485 acres over Mount Mansfield and Spruce Peak. Average accumulation is about 330 inches, and a \$9.8 million snowmaking expansion has just been completed. As for the surrounding area? It lays claim to more three-star restaurants than any other U.S. ski town, and the party scene offers a distinct brand of laid-back boisterousness that's as Vermont as Cabot cheddar.

PLAN: Carve down Stowe's legendary Front Four from the quad, or grab a ride on the newly refurbished gondola and descend the north side. Whatever you do, be sure to grab a burger at the mountaintop Cliff House. Other musts: Goat Trail for the most confident skiers; intermediates need to speed down North Slope or the mellower Toll Road. Beginner? Stick with Spruce Peak, which has a bonanza of blue and green trails.

PRO

TIP

450,000-square-foot Adirondack-style resort. There's a 21,000-square-foot spa fitted with four Jacuzzis to entertain guests or tend to sore muscles: and most of the 300 featherbed-adorned suites come with views of Spruce and Mount Mansfield.

CRASH: The Stowe Mountain Lodge is a sprawling four-star, You'll probably lose count of all the fireplaces that crackle within this place's confines. Book it early.

EAT: The only thing that changes more often than the wind direction at Stowe is chef Eric Warnstedt's menu at Hen of the Wood, which varies based on available ingredients.

Don't sweat it:

OUT EAST, YOU'LL SKI CRUD-A CRUSTY MIX OF ICE AND SNOW. THE KEY TO MASTERING THE MESS? KEEP YOUR WEIGHT OVER YOUR FEET, DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVEMENTS, AND DRIVE WITH YOUR HANDS IN FRONT.

PEAK APPEAL Stowe's 2.360-foot

Mount Mansfield offers stunning panoramic views of the surrounding Green Mountain Range.

early as 3 P.M. on

weekends. Hit The Matterhorn for the lobster mac and cheese, microbrews (c'mon, it's Vermont), and energetic live music. Chalk up your pool cue and who do defrosting right.

Everything at the place

is perfectly prepared

for the grilled octopus

PARTY: Stowe's après

Keep an eye out

and the rabbit leg.

scene kicks off as

chat with the Burtonbedecked beauties and weekend warriors Take a power nap (if need be), then head to the Rusty Nail Bar & Grille. The concert hall club consistently attracts the area's biggest crowds and recently upgraded its sound system. Good thing-you'll party there until dawn.



RUIT MIETYNTE JACKET

The Helly Hansen Supreme is the Aston Martin of resort wear: impeccably engineered and beautiful to behold. The waterproof jacket has just the right amount of stretch and a stuffing so soft, you'd think it was made from unicorn lashes (it's actually goose down and synthetic). Despite its blizzardbeating warmth, it breathes like a bloodhound. \$900; hellyhansen.com







WHISTLER DOES IT BIGGER

Whistler-Blackcomb is big. Like, holy shit the lift takes you through three weather systems on the way up big. A skip from Vancouver, North America's largest resort features a pair of gondola-linked peaks and 8,171 acres. That skiable space includes more than 200 trails, 16 bowls, and a 5,190-foot vertical descent. The nightlife is as expansive. Equal parts European extravagance and slopeside cool, it's a crackling, dance-until-2-A.M. town. And since the villages sit at roughly 2,200 feet, your legs and lungs recover faster than in other elevations, so a wild night won't cost you as much. Oh, Canada!

SKI: There's no one way to tackle Whistler. But here's a tip: Stay high. The elevation sets you above the cloud line and into the sun. Plus, the 360-degree views of the Coast Mountain Range ain't bad. Don't leave before tackling Top of the World, a continuous 2.7-mile journey from summit to base. Beginners should be sure to ski Burnt Stew Trail. Experts? Eve the chutes of McConkev's or Blackcomb Glacier's doubles.

CRASH: The Fairmont Chateau Whistler, located at the foot

located at the foot of the mountain, is the town's sole ski-in-skiout resort. The place has been around for 25 years and has a classic robber-baron vibe: cut-stone spires, wooden beams. river-stone fireplaces ample enough to spit-roast a steer. Rooms are just as rustic and welcoming. Be sure to hit the Mallard Lounge and sip a scotch (neat) as you watch the snow fall.

EAT: Bearfoot Bistro is fine dining perfectly calibrated for slopeside dancing at Max

luxury. A private mixologist will make

cocktails at your table (try the Broadside), while chefs armed with liquid nitrogen wander the floor to theatrically freeze desserts.

Order the wild boar

medallions (trust us) before bundling up in

a parka and slipping

Room. The world's

space, it boasts a

globe-spanning

into the Belvedere Ice

coldest vodka-tasting

collection of the spirit.

(From left) Late-night dancing at Maxx Fish; a bartender mixes a cocktail at Bearfoot Bistro.

party does end, make your way to Maxx Fish. It's the best of all of Whistler's clubs, populated with DJs who supply the sound track that makes the crowd of Vancouver coeds climb on the bar come late-night.

PARTY: Hit up the one
Garibaldi Lift Co. boo
Bar & Grill, the wild
area's après-ski de résistance. Park
near the fireplace at the second-story restaurant lounge, named for its location above the Whistler pow lift. It's a beer-and-shot place, so have some
Kokanees (the British
Columbian PBR) and listen to some

RIDE: Skip the slopes one morning and book the Canadian Wilderness Adventures

four-hour Yukon Breakfast tour, You'll mount a snowmobile and blast through nearby Callaghan Valley's waist-deep powder before reaching a cabin where a chef waits with strong coffee and a skillet breakfast. Twist the throttle on the way back and vou'll return in time for an afternoon run. From \$169; canadian wilderness.com

TURN UP THE HEAT

Gone are the days of blown Batteries and Wire-Stiffened Gloves. The latest heated Gear is finally smart enough To spread the Warmth.



THERMACELL PRO INSOLES

Save the cold feet for that black diamond. These insoles offer five hours of 111-degree warmth; a smart thermostat keeps things in check. \$150; thermacell.com

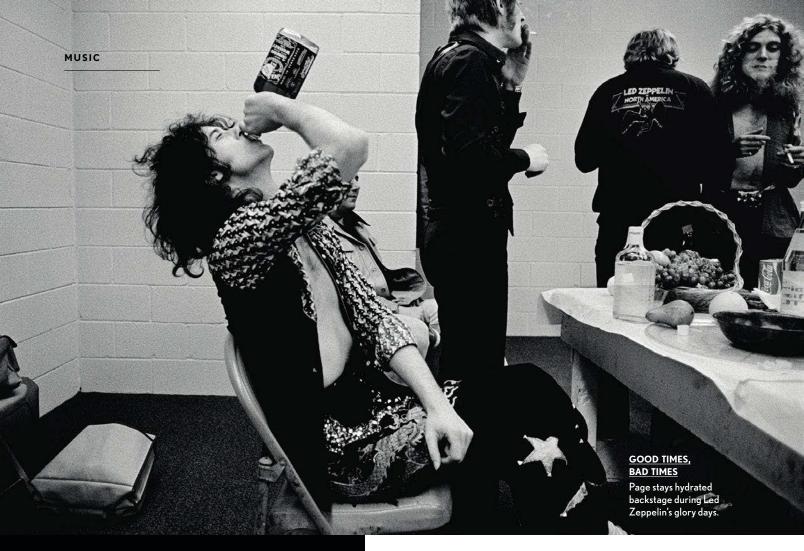


tunes while mingling

with the crowd. If the

OUTDOOR RESEARCH LUCENT

These brainy, three-setting mitts provide up to eight hours of heat to your entire hand. \$350; outdoorresearch.com



THE SECRET LIFE OF JIMMY PAGE

Can rock's greatest guitarist come to grips with his past and move into the future?

by DORIAN LYNSKEY

IF YOU'RE CURIOUS ABOUT THE INNER LIFE of Jimmy Page, guitarist, producer, rock god, and mastermind of Led Zeppelin for 12 extraordinary years, you'll come away from his new autobiography none the wiser. Heavy enough to kill a man, the accurately titled, 512-page *Jimmy Page* is a lavish collection of photographs accompanied by terse, affectless captions. You'll learn that he played a lot of shows and met many interesting people, but if he has any dreams, disappointments, or

insights, he doesn't mention them.

Page says he might write a proper memoir one day, but there's a catch. "All these Led Zeppelin books that come out, they're just a nuisance," he says. Page might be thinking of *Hammer of the Gods: The Led Zeppelin Saga*, a 1985 best-seller that set the standard for documenting the debauched lives of rock stars. "They're untrue, as well. So sure, I'd like to write my story, but it would come out posthumously. That way, I can tell exactly what went on, without any lawyers coming at me. And also, I wouldn't have to promote it."

He laughs. To be polite, so do I. We're both laughing about how much he hates writers.

Page dresses like a feared Hogwarts tutor—black jacket, black trousers, black scarf—and speaks like a venerable gangster. His charm is like a Communion wafer: It's ultrathin, and melts away in seconds. After every question,

he narrows his eyes, sensing a trap. When we finish talking, he smirks and says, "See, you can't catch me at it, can you?"-and "it" seems to be any examination whatsoever of his inner life. He has an old grudge against journalists, starting with Rolling Stone's reviews of Zeppelin, which bordered on verbal abuse, calling the songs "weak" and the production "monotonous," and comparing Zep unfavorably to Robin Trower (in retrospect, a laughable judgment). On tour in 1977, the group's publicist informed reporters, "The band does not like the press, and does not trust them."

We're facing each other in the drawing room of a London hotel. It's the essence of slightly musty English grandeur, lined with leather-bound books and portraits of such worthies as King Edward VII. At 70, Page is rock royalty and, like Queen Elizabeth and her family, his duties are largely ceremonial, dedicated to the preservation of tradition. In recent years, he has been a diligent historian, remastering the Zeppelin catalog, dusting off unreleased solo material for his Web site, and compiling photos. All this, he says, is so he can clear the decks and move on to something new.

Some people will tell you that Led Zeppelin was the greatest rock'n'roll band of all time. Jimmy Page would agree with them.

"I don't want to be disrespectful to other bands, but it's quite clear it was head and shoulders above everything else," he says. "It was meant to change things as they were, and it really, really did. As each album was coming out, people were waiting to see-what would Led Zeppelin do next?"

He talks about Zeppelin like it's an ex-wife he can't forget. It was his band. He recruited the crack squad of idiosyncratic virtuosossinger Robert Plant, drummer John Bonham, bassist John Paul Jones-and laid out the Big Idea: a maniacal explosion of blues-rock. He had honed this notion as a prolific session musician and a member of the Yardbirds. "That wasn't my band. But when that folded, I formed a band I'd make sure was my own."

And it worked. The four men were so insanely, intimidatingly gifted that they seemed untouchable, like wizards or knights. Each of their nine albums was different, and never less than immense. Projecting power, sex, and mystery, they sounded like they both wanted the world and deserved it. And with worldwide sales of 300 million albums, they got it. Then, in 1980, John Bonham choked to death on his own vomit after a binge of epic partying. Led Zeppelin refused to continue without him.

If Page had his way, he'd be in Led Zeppelin right now. In 2007, the band reunited for a single London show, a tribute to beloved record mogul Ahmet Ertegun, with Jason Bonham picking up his father's sticks. Page expected more.

"It was intimated that we were going to do more, so that's what everybody thought," he says defensively. "There's three of us who probably would, but there's one who wouldn't, and after a while it gets really boring, that whole scenario."

I'd like to ask if he thinks Plant, who was fronting the tragically named Obs-Tweedle when Page plucked him from obscurity in 1968, owes him one. I'd like to know the current state of a vexed friendship Plant has compared to Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau's in The Odd Couple. But Page isn't having it.

"I can't be bothered with it," he says curtly. "I don't want to do sound bites. I certainly am not going to spin it or lie. So I'm just not going to do it." His grin is like a slamming door. "All right?"

All right. But put bluntly, Plant's post-

"I DON'T WANT TO BE DISRESPECTFUL TO OTHER BANDS, BUT LED ZEPPELIN WAS HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE **EVERYTHING ELSE."**

Zeppelin career makes Page's look meager and hesitant. The singer has released acclaimed solo albums in various idioms (2007's Raising Sand, with Alison Krauss, won five Grammys) while staying goodhumored and wearing his past lightly.

Page, on the other hand, has seemed lost since Zeppelin went down. He made a solo album (1988's Outrider) and two records with Plant (at the singer's invitation) and appeared alongside the Edge and Jack White as a ponytailed Methuselah in the guitar documentary It Might Get Loud, while dabbling in things that were beneath him, including stodgy '80s wannabe supergroup the Firm and an awkward collaboration with Puff Daddy.

Still, he rejects the suggestion that he has frittered away 34 years. "There was a whole period when I could have been doing stuff, but nobody approached me. Maybe people thought I'd say no. It didn't matter. I was doing other things. I was raising children into the world. I was always doing something, but they didn't necessarily see the light of day. It didn't matter to me."

With an estimated fortune of more than \$120 million, Page hardly needs the work, but it seems wasteful for one of the greatest guitarists of all time to have played only one full show in the past decade. Perhaps he hears the clock ticking. A year ago, he wouldn't touch the guitar at all, but he says he's playing every day now, trying to get "match fit."

He's written new songs, but the lyrics are tricky because they tend to come out too sarcastic. The plan is to play live next year, and he's confident he can sell out dates on the strength of his famous back catalog alone. He plans to play classics like "Dazed and Confused" as instrumentals. "There's only two verses in it anyway."

Will he hire a singer? He turns cagey again. "Even if I had the musicians right now, there's not a hope in hell I'd tell you. I don't want people to know what I'm doing next."

I ask if he ever dreams about Led Zeppelin. "No. Do you?" he shoots back.

No, I reply. But I wasn't in Led Zeppelin, and I haven't spent the past few years contemplating the band's accomplishments.

"Ah, I see." Page seems bothered by this image of him as a lonely old soldier, spending days interred in his past. "It might appear that I've immersed myself in the past, but actually what I've done is immerse myself in projects which needed to see the light of day."

Finally, it seems, Jimmy Page is ready to move on. ■

THE MAN IN THE PINSTRIPE SUIT

Three months into the legendary Yankee's retirement, we're still waiting for the real Derek Jeter to stand up.

by ED CONDRAN

IT WAS MID-SEPTEMBER, AND THE GAME between the Yankees and the Tampa Bay Rays was done and forgotten by everyone but the beat reporters. Derek Jeter, who was nearing the end of a final-season road show that had overshadowed Tim Duncan's fifth ring, Russell Wilson's Super Bowl coming-out party, and the Major League season itself, had been presented before the game with a 16-foot kayak and a framed jersey of an ex-coach noted for his resemblance to a cartoon character (Popeye, Don Zimmer).

These pregame ceremonies had been staged for Jeter in practically every Major League ballpark, and his haul of odd mementos had included a cowboy hat and boots, an all-expenses-paid vacation to Canada, a crab dinner, a sailor's cap, a Lego set, golf clubs, a fancy watch designed by Jay Z, and a double magnum of some very fine California red. Now, though, Jeter stood in the visitors' locker room, in blue jeans and a T-shirt, signing a box of baseballs.

"You know enough about me by now," he said. "You know what makes me tick." The Captain—as generic (and apt) a nickname as you could imagine—says this with the weary and confident grin of a man who knows he will not be challenged. "What more could you want to know?"

But, of course, we know next to nothing

THE CAPTAIN Jeter is no fan of interviews. "What more could you want to know?" he asks. of excellence, one related to and more

about Derek Jeter. He is nearly as famous for his discretion—the monochromatic sound bite, the scandal-free biography—as he is for his play. Yet more is not really better. What good could come from knowing more about our last true and unassailable sports hero? What benefit could possibly result from ferreting out his real views, whatever they might be, his real feelings, assuming they exist, his favorite brand of shaving cream, his views on global warming or on Alex Rodriguez?

We know enough. We have 20 years of baseball statistics, data that better minds than mine can parse for decades to come. Let the space-age stat dudes meditate on his VORP and WARP and BABIP, the traditionalists sing the praises of his old-school determinants (3,465 hits, .310 batting average, five Gold Gloves). Both sides can agree that achieving this in evil New York is its own form

of excellence, one related to and more significant than the championships (five), the signature moments ("the Dive," "the Flip," the "Mr. November" walk-off), and the kung-fu grip on the inside-out swing.

It's not like we know nothing. The tribute stories published in the waning days of his final season attested to that, covering, as they often did, his predilection for the ladies (one story estimates that he's dated a full 75 percent of this publication's Hot 100. True? We'll never tell); his origin story in baseball (a Houston Astro scout resigned in disgust in 1992 when the team declined to draft Jeter); his housing preferences (an absurdly large estate in Florida, a largely empty home in New York); his feelings about his fellow players (great bunch of guys); and his plans (a publishing imprint, a Web site for literary jocks, and-if all goes according to plan-intergalactic domination).

Anything more would undermine the rewards of not actually knowing. Think of how misty-eyed our fathers get over Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle. Nothing worthwhile came to them from truly understanding these men, whether it be that Mantle was a surly drunk or that Mr. Coffee actually drank tea.

We don't admire our champions for their tragic flaws or ambivalent morality. We don't look to them for complexity. That doesn't mean they have to be saints—no fun in that. Would anyone really want to know that Joe Namath, in the glorious playboy days of the Fu Manchu mustache and the hot-and-cold-running chicks, was a feminist? Would that add to his legend or diminish it?

I will admit to a certain desire to party at the New York clubs with Jeter, everything offered for free, from bottle service to stock tips to women (and men and animals and the blood of the firstborn). But I don't want it so badly that I would risk knocking the man from his pedestal. He does more for me there than anywhere else.

Jeter's bland brand of perfection can, in

truth, be infuriating, the way he stays just shy of full comprehension and three dimensions. That night in Tampa, for example, I asked Jeter if he'd had any second thoughts about retiring. His response, humbly put and politely expressed, might have been directly downloaded from a network of linked computers maintained at an outsourced jocktalk facility in New Delhi. He wanted to leave the game with "dignity." Time to "step aside." "Right thing to do."

NOTHING WORTHWHILE
CAME TO OUR
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MEN, WHETHER IT BE THAT
MANTLE WAS A DRUNK
OR MR. COFFEE
ACTUALLY DRANK TEA.

So Jeter gave us nothing, not really, and because we need our heroes, even today, at times we embarrass ourselves in the ways we fill in the gaps, craving flesh for the bones. I am thinking of the 2008 study at the University of Pennsylvania that concluded that Jeter was, in fact, the worst shortstop in all of Major League Baseball. Or this joking 2009 tidbit from Deadspin: "Jesus is the Derek Jeter of Christianity."

Here is the furthest I am willing to go in attempting to solve the Derek Jeter riddle: He fends us off out of respect, for himself, of course, but also for us. To leave Derek Jeter alone is to acknowledge him as a revered figure but also as one with bona fide humanity. He left me in the locker room with what came as close to new information as you are going to get from him. I asked him how he felt that night accepting cheers from the crowd. Again he started me with boilerplate about the whole thing being an honor. But the last thing he said? "All of this lately has been a lot to absorb." To that I could relate.

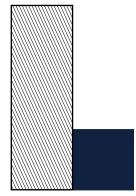






SEX, LIES, AND VIDEO GAMES





LANA DEL REY, AMERICA'S MOST enigmatic, controversial, and seductive rock star, spent the morning in Los Angeles traffic, anxious, wearing one of her favorite minidresses-the navy blue cotton one-on the prowl for some fake palm trees she wanted as onstage props for tomorrow night's show in the Hollywood Forever Cemetery. It's the famed resting place of Rudolph Valentino and Fay Wray, and she felt certain some faux tropical flora would add the perfect finishing touch for these surreal final shows of her long 2014 tour. But she is home now and calm, at ease on the little deck just off her bedroom, hidden behind the tall hedges encircling her 1920s Tudor, freshly painted but stylishly in need of repair-Hollywood golden-age glamour gone slightly to seed-like a scene from Sunset Boulevard or, perhaps intentionally, one of her videos.

"I never saw myself in California," she tells me. Del Rey is as much provocateur as pop star, known for moody and lush songs about the intersection of sex and violence and money. The videos with which she made her name traffic in the faded imagery of American nostalgia and decline. She combines a classic, sultry beauty with a heavy dose of all-American alienation—the head cheerleader gone desperately wrong. A few years ago, she changed her name, changed her hair, discarded an entire album, left behind a world-beating partying habit, and started anew. For someone like that, California seems an inevitable landing point.

"I had such a love affair with New York," she says of her days as a struggling chanteuse. "I loved all the history that came with it, the early '60s, Bob Dylan, and the Beat poetry era. I was always kind of looking for this big artist revival, but I never really tapped into anything." She feels closer to that in Los Angeles, where she's found a few kindred spirits who share her fascination with "that early Laurel Canyon scene. Joni Mitchell, Neil Young...I tuned in to something here and never really wanted to leave."

HER TWO SHOWS AT HOLLYWOOD FOREVER mark the end of a year of nonstop touring in support of *Ultraviolence*, a follow-up to 2012's *Born to Die. Ultraviolence*, recorded in Nashville with a seven-piece backing band, is

rock-tinged and guitar-heavy but still replete with Del Rey's trademark hope-she's-joking songs like "Fucked My Way Up to the Top." Most weirdly: Critics raved about the thing.

It's a stunning turnaround for an artist who spent the nascent portion of her career inspiring more confusion—and sometimes pure vitriol—than adoration. She emerged from the American pop-cultural slipstream, goes the story, fully formed, with the gorgeous Super 8-inflected video for "Video Games" and a two-song EP. Accompanying these was an impressionistic (some would say too impressionistic) backstory with wild chapters on alcoholism, a stint in a New Jersey trailer park, and a litany of destructive relationships with older and at times awful men.

Then came the backlash. It started with her admittedly strange *Saturday Night Live* performance in 2012, in which she seemed to be channeling a heavily medicated Marlene Dietrich. Music bloggers went on the attack, calling her "talent-starved," an "unconvincing work of fiction," and an "annoyingly faux minx." But here's the thing: People became entranced. Her debut album sold seven million copies worldwide, and *Ultraviolence* debuted on iTunes at number one in 80 countries around the world. Her concerts became frenzied pop-culture events.

These days Lana tends to shrug off criticism about her altered appearance or the veracity of her persona. She concedes that "when I went darker with my hair, I don't know why, but people took my music more seriously." The same thing happened when she changed her name from plain Lizzy Grant to Lana Del Rey. It opened things up for her, freed her.

"There's a lot to be said for pretending," she says. "You know?"

LANA DEL REY ONCE DESCRIBED HERSELF as a "gangsta Nancy Sinatra," and it's a fairly apt description of her music. Her songs, steeped in '90s trip-hop and rounded out with lush '60s strings, are like dioramas: tiny, insular worlds where the atmosphere is more important than the facts. Much like her life.

Del Rey's parents dropped out of the New York City advertising game when she was a baby and raised her and her two younger siblings in rural Lake Placid. She was purportedly a wildly rebellious kid who partied hard as a teen until her parents sent her away to boarding school to straighten up. She didn't start writing songs until she was 18.

"I was in college in the Bronx [at Fordham], and I didn't know what to do with myself," she says. "Everyone was going out drinking, so I had to try to find something else." She started hitting the open-mike nights in Brooklyn, and her mostly traditional girl-pop was compelling enough that in 2007, while still a senior, she signed a record deal with an indie label. Then,

a complete reboot: She bought herself out of that contract, trashed the album she had cut, destroyed all traces of the woman she had been, and tried again.

So she wasn't exactly an overnight sensation, not really, and Del Rey doesn't like the idea of it much anyway. "For me, there really wasn't reinvention. That is more of other people's reinterpretation. I feel so much continuity between all my music and all the videos." She describes her frustration at her first label and the need to break out. "I really wanted to keep making music, but my label had shelved my records for two years. And I...I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to incorporate cinematic strings with a heavier, nastier sound and lyrics."

That nastiness pervaded her new identity as well. Lizzy Grant was all about blond sweetness, but Lana Del Rey flaunted her obsessions with fatalism, death, seediness, and danger. In her 2013 short film *Tropico*—a swirling dreamscape suffused with Latino gangsters and strippers—Del Rey cast herself as an erotic dancer with a double-teardrop tattoo. Some criticized her for reinforcing stereotypes of Latinos as thugs and criminals. But Del Rey sees it as a version of herself.

"I live in East L.A., and I speak Spanish," she says. "The girls who work in the club in the video are my friends, people I knew before I became a little more well known. Like, I've always spoken Spanish in all my songs the past few years. So for me, personally, it's not a far-out-there reference."

That's all fine, except that, well, she doesn't live in East Los Angeles or anywhere near it. Not all of her songs have Spanish in them. And saying that some of your best friends are Latino...Let's just leave that one alone.

Del Rey isn't about to apologize for anything, but it's clear that she feels misunderstood. "I'm missing the mark in terms of having comrades and being aligned with a musical movement," she says. "But I definitely feel like what I come up with musically is on the pulse of what is relevant."

And that, after all the speculation about her nature, background, and intentions, is what matters. It's beyond the point if she really meant it when she said, "I wish I was dead already" or "Feminism is just not an interesting concept" or, if one of her most notorious songs is to be believed, her reproductive organs taste like a certain well-known soda (look it up). Everything has been asked and answered, by the critics and the online trolls and the endless writers of endless knee-jerk think pieces. The music and the images are too good to get trapped by such considerations. And if her trajectory as an anti-pop pop star proves anything, it is that her art, sincere or otherwise, is hers and hers alone. ■





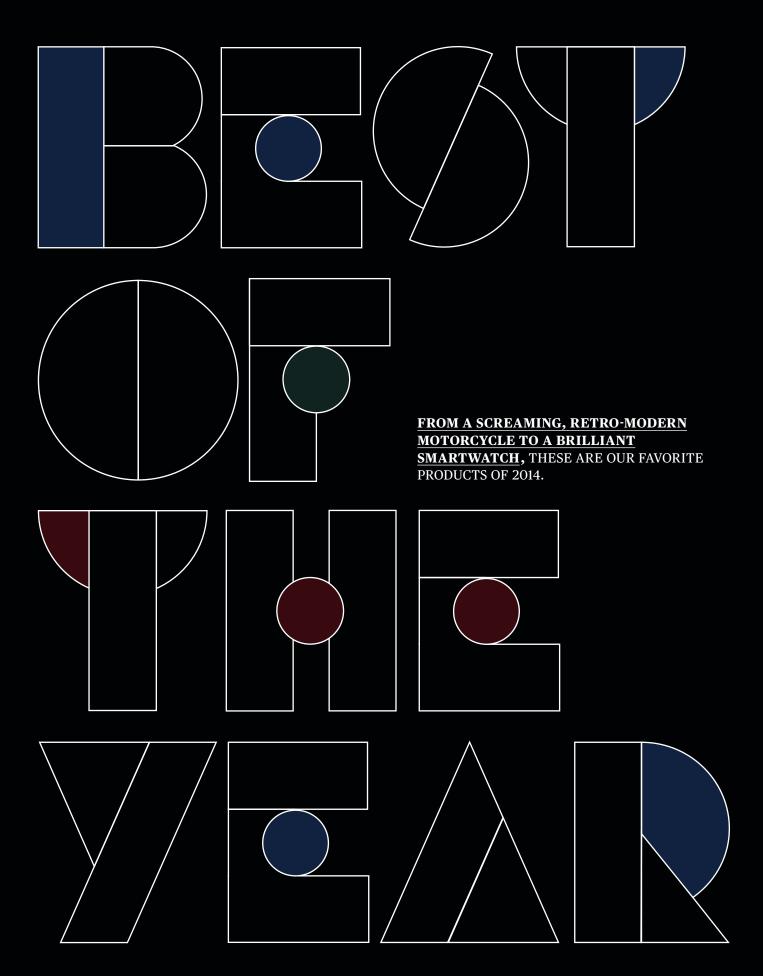
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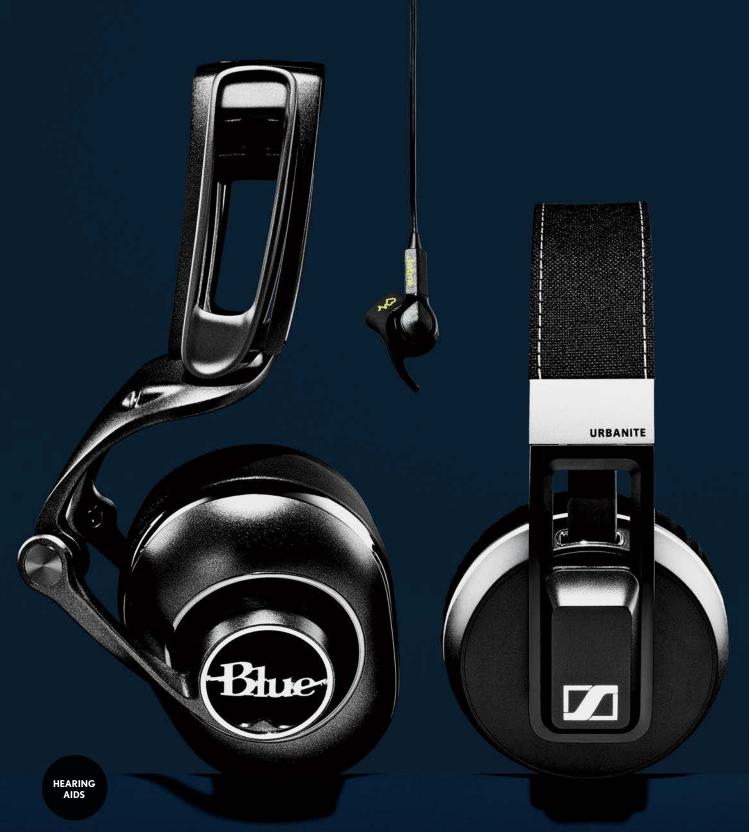
65



EXCITE BIKE After spending decades building beautifully made but clinical superbikes and commuters, BMW finally created a ride worthy of bedroom posters. Every element of the **BMW R NINE T**, from the forged aluminum accents to the analog gauges flanking the dashboard LCD screen, enhances an image that's as much *Easy Rider* as *Blade Runner*. Weighing less than 500 pounds, the lithe brute practically begs you to attack

corners at irresponsible speeds, knees tucked against the rakish, hand-brushed aluminum on the gas tank. And without comforts like fairings or a windshield, this bike delivers a pure sensory experience in an era of Bluetoothenabled helmets and wheelie-prohibiting traction control. It's a certified future classic. \$14,995; bmwmotorcycles.com





Massive and metal-shelled, with a unique multihinged design, the BLUE MO-FI headphones look more suited for air-traffic controllers than audiophiles. But the über-adjustable, ear-cradling cans are big for a reason: They're the first with built-in 240 mW amps. That extra power, combined with 50 mm drivers, does dirty, sexy things to your digital tunes, creating a truly modern sound. \$350; mofiheadphones.com

The JABRA SPORT PULSE WIRELESS aren't headphones; they're an all-in-one workout-tracking tool. Built into the Bluetooth buds is a biometric sensor that precisely reads heart rate through your ears, eliminating the need for a chest strap. Stats are beamed to an app that also logs progress and coaches you through exercises. They're the only gadget you need in your gym bag. \$200; jabra.com The first thing you'll notice about the SENNHEISER URBANITE? An extra-thick, lobe-rattling low end. It's a heavy, sock-youin-the-gut sound, but the well-styled headphones aren't only for the oomph-obsessed. Unlike many bass-heavy models, they nail the subtleties: Vocals are clean; highs and mids are pitachip crisp. They do justice to everything from Diplo to Dylan. \$200; sennheiser.com









The **BELL BULLITT TT** helmet's classic silhouette and spare graphics beg to be noticed. But the '70s-inspired lid is not a vintage-themed showpiece meant to sit on the shelves of pseudo moto riders. It's built to move—and protect—with a DOT-certified shell, suede-lined interior, and wide-open viewport. Retro modern's never looked so right. **\$400**; **bellhelmets.com**



CLEANUP CREW

Yes, the **ORAL-B BLACK 7000** is equipped with a plaque-punishing 666 pulsations per second and a special whitening setting that amps up its coffee-stain-annihilating power. But the feature that really earned this electric toothbrush a sink-side spot for all testers is its pressure sensor. If it feels you pushing down too hard (a gum ruiner), the brush flashes red and its engine slows. **\$219**; **oralb.com**

Prefer to shave with power? Then press the **PHILIPS NORELCO 9700** to your face. No other electric razor we tested is as quiet, easy to glide, or effective. The reason? The waterproof shaver's three pivoting heads are equipped with V-shaped blades. They eradicate stubble with ruthless efficiency. **\$349**; **usa.philips.com**







Since its debut in 1956, Herman Miller's Eames lounge chair has oozed midcentury cool. The ageless object of desire has spawned a thousand imitations. The **EBONY** retains all the comfort but eschews the classic wood-grain shell for a modern black leather on black veneer, a simple but outstanding update. \$5,789 (with ottoman); hermanmiller.com

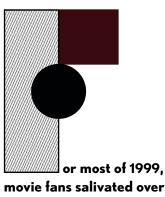
PLAY MAKERS With a few turns of a hex wrench, you can independently tweak the **CALLAWAY BIG** BERTHA ALPHA's center of gravity, launch angle, and spin to suit your preference. It's a hell of a feature, as adjusting one almost always affects the others. But whether or not you care about customization, know that nearly everyone who wielded the oversize club saw gains in distance and accuracy. \$400; callawaygolf.com Fitted into the handle of the BABOLAT PLAY **PURE DRIVE** is a digital sensor that acts as on-court coach, analyzing such metrics as the shot placement, spin, and power of every backhand and flinging them to an iPhone app. It's an incredibly accurate—and humbling—feature that adds a modern edge to an already masterful racquet. \$400; babolat.us Finding a road shoe that garners acrossthe-board acclaim is almost impossible. But nearly all 24 testers who wore the nine-ounce ADIDAS BOSTON BOOST 5 found it to be responsive, supportive, and as comfortable as a slipper. It's all about the build: The kick's spring-loaded midsole provides just enough push-off, and its barely-there upper is breathable and supportive. \$120; adidas.com



FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, DIRECTOR DAVID FINCHER, AUTHOR CHUCK PALAHNIUK, AND ACTORS BRAD PITT AND EDWARD NORTON TEAMED UP TO MAKE ONE OF THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY AND UNCOMPROMISING FILMS IN HISTORY. IT WAS A BOX OFFICE DISASTER...AND ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MOVIES HOLLYWOOD EVER PRODUCED. THIS IS THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORY. (AND, YES, WE KNOW WE'RE BREAKING RULE ONE AND TWO.)

by BILGE EBIRI





movie fans salivated over the prospect of David Fincher directing a film version of Chuck Palahniuk's cult novel Fight Club, with Edward Norton and **Brad Pitt starring as** two guys who start an anarchistic, underground network where men beat each other to a pulp, then hug it out. But when the thing came out, it tanked. Dark but often laugh-out-loud funny, it featured a finale in which the hero shoots himself in the head, then watches his city collapse around him. What the hell?

That confusion didn't last long. In reality, there was no first rule of Fight Club, so everyone talked about it, and it was recognized as one of the most iconic movies of the decade. It may, in fact, be the film for which Fincher, Pitt, and Norton will be best remembered. Why does it still feel vital, 15 years after its release? Here are 12 reasons.

BRINGING MACHO BACK

After suffering serious defeats in the 1960s and '70s (hello, James Taylor!), macho made a comeback in the Reagan era but went limp again during the prosperous Clinton years. The Narrator (Norton) exemplifies the sensitive male of the 1990s: an IKEA-shopping, neutered office drone. Tyler Durden (Pitt) is the male id made real, a Paleolithic monster who creates an outlet for the repressed aggression of cubicle workers.

TYLER DURDEN...

Sure, he's a psychotic fascist-but, hey, no one's perfect. Tyler's antimaterialistic tirades-"The things you own end up owning you" and "Fuck Martha Stewart. Martha's polishing the brass on the Titanic"-help establish the middle-class angst and frustration that prove to be fertile ground for the growth of the fight club. And Tyler is a bohemian icon: His outfits look like the coolest, grimiest thrift store in the world exploded in his closet. All this makes him an enviable paragon of I-don't-give-a-damn attitude: "I am free in all the ways that you are not," he proclaims. Once the Narrator realizes that he is Tyler, Fight Club becomes a reimagining of Dostoyevsky's The Double, in which a government clerk goes mad and begins to imagine a doppelgänger who is charming and confident-all the things he's not.

...AND THAT BODY

After the muscle-bound 1980s and '90s, when Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger were idolized for their cartoonlike, pumped-up physiques, Brad Pitt's lean, cut frame signaled a change from He-Man to P90X. Pitt's chiseled but wiry look has since become the cinema ideal. Hollywood's personal trainers routinely cite Tyler Durden's physique as an inspiration. And losing body mass index to look like Pitt is easier to achieve than the arduous weight lifting required to be a hulking lunk.

A PHILOSOPHY THAT TURNS ON ITSELF

It's easy to see the appeal of Tyler's philosophy: He advocates a world in which you don't have to listen to other people or their rules. But the film goes on to condemn that philosophy, showing how anything with this sort of libertarian lure can gradually become oppressive. Although Tyler turns out to be imaginary, his ideas take on a life of their own as his followers go from seeking their freedom to parroting everything he

says; they even don black shirts, à la Mussolini's Fascists, and can't seem to grasp the value of human life. The film's slogan could easily be: "If you believe it, we're against it."

A STYLE THAT TURNS ON ITSELF

Fight Club's shiny stylization was deemed hypocritical by many critics: "The film is a hard sell about no-sell," said New York magazine's Peter Rainer; it's "a thrill ride masquerading as philosophy," declared Roger Ebert. They missed the point. The film is very much about the slick, viral appeal of its ideas. It's filled with little meta touches: wall-to-wall product placement that seems to mock the film's antimaterialist message, and a speedy, music-video style that runs counter to the condemnation of commercialism. (Prior to Fight Club, Fincher was an accomplished video director.) It's as though the director is admitting that, for all Tyler's hatred of capitalism, the movie is a packaged product served up by a Hollywood studio-one owned by Rupert Murdoch.

THE GIRL

Screenwriter Jim Uhls has reportedly described Fight Club as a romantic comedy, which may explain why Marla Singer (played by Helena Bonham Carter) is the film's beating heart. Though she initially seems as disaffected as the Narratorthey meet as they're faking their way into a cancer support group-she eventually becomes one of the film's few tenuous connections to real life. Marla is the only main character who expresses bewilderment at Norton's schizophrenic behavior. And what a coup to cast the profoundly intelligent Bonham Carter-then known primarily for genteel, Merchant Ivory period pieces like A Room with a View and Howards Endas a suicidal, disaffected Goth. All of her sex scenes are with Pitt, not Norton. She wants attention and caring from the good boy, who doesn't give it to her; and she keeps returning for wild, violent, evocatively surreal sex with the bad boy. She's literally getting off on the Narrator's illness.

OFFICE CULTURE

Norton's antiseptic corporate job—he's a recall coordinator for a car company—fuels his need to find something brutal and real; 1999 was a pivotal year for movies about the quiet desperation of a modern desk job. *Fight Club*, alongside *Office Space* and *The Matrix*, showed the corporate world as a malady that had to be cured, preferably through violent means.



EDWARD NORTON

Narrato

Filming Fight Club, the actor was coming off a hot streak that saw him lauded for performances in movies as diverse as Primal Fear and American History X. This, though, would prove to be his most iconic.

"THE FILM'S
INTEGRITY IS A
COMPLETE
TESTAMENT TO
FINCHER'S
STRENGTH IN
STICKING TO
HIS GUNS."



For many people, Fight Club has a generation-defining quality. Did it feel that way when you were making it?

You never know how other people will respond, but that was our reaction to the material, starting with Fincher and passing on to me and Brad.

Why do you think the movie irritated so many people?

Some didn't see a shred of a positive statement in it, a shred of hope or insight or inspiration, and they didn't see how it was a call to anything other than nihilism. Yet I'd suggest that's the opposite of what it actually argued. I think people failed to understand the power of art to make

people feel connected to each other by expressing the things that make them unhappy. The impact of the film was a positive one, in the sense that it made people say, "I'm being spoken to, someone understands what I feel, they're putting a name and words to it, and they're building a story around experiences I've had."

How did the creative team feel during the first wave of criticism? I don't think Fincher would deny hoping

would deny hoping that it was going to catch a wave, or being a little disappointed when it didn't. But he's got a very sincere, solid center when it comes to keeping perspective on the ultimate goal. He was not just mouthing off when he said, "If we don't violently piss off a lot of people with this movie, then we have not gone far enough."

Was it important to have a director who would really fight for the material?

Yeah, I mean, there were a million times when he could have said, "All right, we won't go quite so far." And he refused. He refused to make it for less money. He refused to have it be any less tough. He refused to have it be any less funny. He refused to back off his own sense of what he thought was hilarious, of what he thought was important.

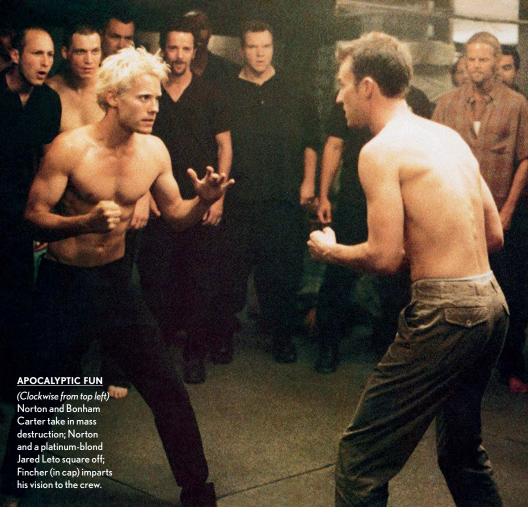
The film's integrity is a complete testament to Fincher's strength in sticking to his guns.

Did you ever give a name to the Narrator?

I had one with Fincher, but I've never said it, so I won't now! A lot of people think it's Jack, just because of the reference from Reader's Digest magazine, "I am Jack's." We had a license made up, or some other document, that had the Narrator's name on it, but we'll never tell. It'll be like Carly Simon's "You're So Vain"-in 10 years, we'll put it in an auction for cancer research and you can find out what the name was. –Nev Pierce







"BOB. BOB HAD BITCH TITS."

In contrast to Pitt's rippling abs, there's the indelible image of our mousy Narrator pressed up against the fearsomely large, disturbingly sweaty bosom of a crying Bob (Meat Loaf) at a support group for men with testicular cancer. This is how *Fight Club* makes its points so nauseatingly vivid, displaying a world where masculinity has been pushed to the margins. In reality, the contrast between the two actors wasn't so stark. The hefty Meat Loaf had actually *lost* a ton of weight and had to wear a fat suit. One with boobs.

REAL-LIFE RESONANCES

Forget the influence of Fincher's compositional flair; the movie inspired the creation of real-life fight clubs, via Craigslist and social media. The East Bay Rats biker club staged one in Oakland. A "gentlemen's fight club" involving Silicon Valley techies throttling each other popped up in Menlo Park, California. A Texas teen suffered a brain hemorrhage from a fight club, leading to arrests. Last year, *Vice* reported on a Russian club, "the Ronin Family," which transforms "educated urbanites into real men by physically and psychologically torturing them."

THE SOUND DESIGN

Fight Club earned just one Oscar nomination; for Ren Klyce and Richard Hymn's sound design. Their work peaks in the fight scenes, in which the aural pyrotechnics create an extra layer of meaning and texture. When Tyler and the Narrator initially come to blows, their punches are mushy and pathetic. As the film proceeds, the sound of the fighting attains a sickening grandeur. To get the desired effects, Klyce and his team experimented with smashing chicken carcasses with walnuts in them, as well as smacking giant pieces of meat with pigs' feet. Typically, the movie tells you that it's playing tricks with audio: "After fighting, everything else in your life had the volume turned down," the Narrator says, as his boss strains to make himself heard above the drone of the sound track. For all the film's visual wonders, it was also revolutionary in exploring the psychology of sound, an approach Fincher would pursue in films ranging from The Social Network to Gone Girl.

THE MUSIC

Fincher was adamant that the music be composed by someone who'd never scored a film before, and he found that in the Dust Brothers, the L.A. duo who produced seminal albums by the Beastie Boys and Beck, and whose techno-infused sound track heightens the gleefully grim, dystopic atmosphere. The most notable music cue comes in the finale, as the Pixies' "Where Is My Mind?" erupts right as the landmarks of corporate America are blown to bits.

THAT EXPLOSIVE ENDING

The ending of Fight Club, which depicted the violent destruction of corporate culture, was controversial at the time. It took on an added resonance two years later, after 9/11 made the image of collapsing office buildings a very real, very tragic, not-atall-cool thing. Tyler attributes the club's disaffectedness to the lack of a modern crisis: "We have no Great War, no Great Depression," he laments. "We've all been raised on television to believe that one day we'd all be millionaires, and movie gods, and rock stars. But we won't. And we're slowly learning that fact. And we're very, very pissed off." Within a few years, the country was at war and on the cusp of another Depression. Yet those events haven't provided any relief. We live in a world in which we're more alienated from consequence than the one Tyler lived in.

CHUCK PALAHNIUK

Writer

When Palahniuk wrote his 1996 debut, he was a self-described "blue-collar nobody in Oregon." Nearly two decades later, the 52-year-old has amassed a following that few authors can match.

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What was the genesis of Fight Club?

I'd been camping up in Washington when some people arrived in the middle of the night and started playing loud, rave-ish music. I went over to protest, got into a fight, and I came back to work with a black eye. No one would look at it, much less comment on it. That gave me the idea that if you looked bad enough, no one would ever ask about your personal life and you could get away with anything.

You were 34 when Fight Club was published. Could you write it now? No. It was a product

No. It was a product of my circumstances at

the time. It's that stage of life when you've followed every rule, you've done everything people told you is necessary to succeed, but you haven't succeeded. You're at a point where you have to start breaking the rules.

Why do you think the film initially flopped?

At one point, an executive at Twentieth Century Fox said to Fincher, "Men don't want to see Brad Pitt with his shirt off. Women don't want to see bloody fighting. Congratulations, you've made a movie no one wants to see."

That pissed David off.

What's been your favorite thing to come out of the movie's immense popularity?

I love the fact that

people use the word sir again. When I was growing up, we were drilled not to. It was considered an oppressive, archaic term. I wanted to call my father "sir," but my mother forbade it. I love being addressed as "sir," and I love to address other men as "sir."

Well, then, sir, what's the strangest encounter you've had with a fan?

It was during a book signing in San Diego, and I noticed people holding poster boards above their heads that said, "Did you know Chuck Palahniuk raped and murdered a nine-year-old black girl in 1989?" All these people had the same poster. I can only assume it was a Project Mayheminspired stunt.

What do you like most about the film?

I like the way David deconstructed the medium. He had Brad break the fourth wall and talk about film splicing, and at certain points, we see the splices. Fincher told me that when he was in high school, he'd been a film projectionist and had actually spliced bits of porno into movies.

Fifteen years later, why are people still talking about Fight Club?

Probably because they've figured out how funny it is! The notion of two people holding hands while buildings tumble around them was supposed to be absurd. The book's anger was in exactly the right place-it was rooted in satire. That's Chuck's gift. He's able to shock you into opening orifices in your brain so he can set up camp in ways that are stunning and frightening.

So it comes down to Chuck's ideas?

If a movie still resonates with people 10 or 20

years later, it's usually because its ideas are so well articulated. Lolita's a classic not because it's about pedophilia but because it so smartly deals with human emotions that aren't about pedophilia. The thing that made Fight Club frightening, after Columbine, was its notion of people who become Dadaist terrorists. People unfairly saw the movie as dangerous because it was right on the heels of something that was truly frightening.

When was the last time you argued with somebody about the movie? I tend not to. I think it's part of the reason I come across as

smug. I don't think it's

my place to comfort people when they're upset or offended by my work, or my adaptations of other people's masterpieces. The movie was ineptly served up to the world, and it was absurdly received, but we got to make the movie we wanted to make. In the end, you can't ask for more than that.

Chuck says that when you were a teenage projectionist in Oregon, you spliced bits of porno into the movies you were showing. Is that true?

porno, because I didn't have porno to project. I worked the late shift,

because audiences are very forgiving at 10 P.M., so it could be somebody who was not a very good technician. And the guy I worked for, as I recall, used to swipe bits of nudity. I think he had some stuff from one of Brian De Palma's films-Dressed to Kill or maybe Obsession. And we did splice a frame of that into Audrey Rose or some other movie. We did exactly what Tyler espoused.

Chuck is writing a graphic-novel sequel. What are the chances of your making a movie of it?

I don't know. I haven't read it. But never say never. –*N.P.*

DAVID FINCHER

irecto

Today, Fincher is one of cinema's top auteurs, with this fall's Gone Girl set to storm the awards season. But 15 years ago, the now Oscar winner had "just" four features to his name.



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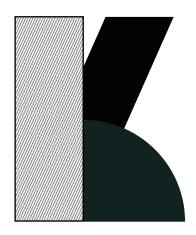


AS A YOUNG MODEL IN PARIS,

"YOU HAD TO FIGURE OUT YOUR LIFE BY

YOURSELF. BUT I'M PRETTY

TOUGH. I DON'T GET SCARED BY MUCH."



Kate Bock is reading messages from her Twitter feed, which consists mostly of over-the-top compliments: "You're a perfect person." "You're a really beautiful, magical angel." "You have an awesome smile." "You are a fairy tale."

It seems that a bunch of eager fans are staking their claims, I tell her. No, she replies with a laugh: These all came from *one* person.

Inspiring a certain degree of obsession—healthy and otherwise—is nothing new to the 5'11" beauty from Vancouver. She first unleashed awe as a Victoria's Secret lingerie model. In 2013, she made the *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit* issue, one of just four new models. Photos of the novices were posted online, and, by popular vote, Bock was elected Rookie of the Year.

Which, as we meet for a late breakfast in a quiet West Village hotel, brings us back to her social media. MJ Day, editor of the SI Swimsuit issue, warned Bock that her life was about to

change as soon as the mag hit the newsstands. Lots of guys see the issue as a print version of Tinder and use social media to proposition models—not very artfully, it seems.

"Usually they send a winky face," says Bock, with a not-too-serious frown. "You gotta step up your game a little higher than that. I mean, *really*? Just a wink?" If a guy does nothing but compliment her, "I don't really know what to do with that. Stop sending winky faces, and make fun of me instead. That'll probably get you further."

What should we make fun of, Kate? "There's endless material, if you get to know me.

My family certainly has not run out of stuff."

Kate Lynne Bock was first spotted by a modeling agent at a local swimming pool, when she was 12: "I had braces, and I was a little gangly. Not a little-I was really tall and gangly." During summers, when other models went to New York, she went to camp. When high school ended, Bock began to take the modeling game more seriously and moved to Paris on her own; she'd attended a French immersion school for years and spoke the language fluently. She shared an apartment with other models and, as a pragmatic and responsible person, was shocked that some of them slept in instead of trudging to open castings. "You had to figure out your life by yourself. But I'm pretty tough, in that sense-very independent. I don't get scared by much."

Really? Nothing scares you?

She reconsiders. "I don't like it when feet touch me. I'm a very clean person, and I hate it when dirty feet are near me. My older brother had a trick—if he wanted me out of a room, he'd just come at me with his toes, and I'd leave right away."

Bock, who's single, isn't precious about modeling: "I'm a clothing hanger," she says

with a shrug. "I'm there to show off the outfits or the bathing suit. I appreciate that for what it is." There are perks—she gets "tons of free bikinis" and spends most of her winters on tropical beaches. "The swimsuitmodel thing is not so bad, I have to say."

And because she doesn't wear swimwear when she walks around New York City, her current home turf, she isn't often recognized. "There are times when I get a lot of stares, like, 'Should I know you? I think I know you.' My whole life, I've always been the tall, thin girl with lots of blond hair, so I don't notice it. But in New York, you're just used to people being sort of crazy. In other cities, people are nice and polite, while here, they yell at me. A lot of people bark."

Bark? You mean like a dog?

"More aggressive and louder than that, but yeah, you're on the right track."

In addition to emoticon-wielding Twitter lotharios and canine studs on the city streets, Bock occasionally has to deal with misbehavior on the set. Recently, she was posing for a photo on a bed, wearing jewelry and not much else, when she noticed an assistant "trying to take a selfie on his phone, with me in the background. He didn't think I noticed it, and he got very intimidated when I yelled at him.

"It's a good thing I was comfortable telling him to fuck off. Otherwise, he was going to have pictures of my ass on his phone."

Note to self: This is clearly not the way to curry favor with a supermodel. Next time, try Twitter. \blacksquare





"GUYS HAVE GOTTA STEP UP THEIR

GAME A LITTLE. STOP SENDING WINKY FACES,

AND MAKE FUN OF ME INSTEAD.

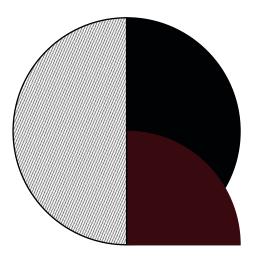
THAT'LL PROBABLY GET YOU FURTHER."



ANGELINA JOLIE

THE SUPERSTAR ON STEPPING BEHIND THE CAMERA, WORKING WITH BRAD, AND WHY SHE NEVER GOES ON VACATION.

by LOGAN HILL



From Girl, Interrupted to Maleficent, Angelina Jolie has long ruled Hollywood in front of the camera. Now, as a director, she may conquer the rest of the film industry as well: Unbroken, which comes out on Christmas, is based on the best-selling Laura Hillenbrand biography of Louis Zamperini, an Olympic track star turned WWII bombardier. After his plane crashed into the Pacific Ocean. Zamperini survived alone in the open waters of the Pacific for 47 days on an inflatable life raft, surrounded by killer sharks and strafed by fighter planes, only to be captured by the Japanese and tortured for two years in a POW camp. It's an alternately grueling and gripping tale. The film, which boasts Joel and Ethan Coen among its writers, is already leading to speculation that the Jolie-Pitt family might be battling each other at Oscar time with dueling WWII pics (Pitt's Fury was released in October). Of course, Unbroken is just one of Jolie's projects. We caught up with her in Malta, where she was shooting her third film, By the Sea-a raw domestic drama in which she also costars with her husband.

How's the new film?

We're halfway through. We're enjoying it, but that's a funny word to use, because the story is really so intense and heavy.

You're the director and screenwriter?

I wrote it a few years ago, thinking about Brad as a character, and extreme behavior for both of us to play or explore. The heart of it is actually about how different people live through grief, and then how they relate and attack each other for it.

Why did you decide to make a war film? Like most, I'm very curious about World War II. As an actress, I'm limited in stories, because the women weren't on the front line. As director, I can go right to the front line.

Zamperini's life story is so amazing that Hollywood's been struggling to film it since 1956. What broke the deadlock? I think the challenge in Louis' life is that it was so full. You could do a whole film just on his experience as a prisoner. Or on his becoming an athlete. Or even his rebellious childhood. The Coen brothers guided me, saying, "You cannot literally tell the whole story—you'll make a terrible film." And I talked to Louis. [He died last July at age 97.]

What was most important to him?

I would talk about how exceptional he was, and he'd say, "I'm not." I want people to see the film and know that everybody can be great. Everybody can make a choice to get back up, fight harder, and not let themselves be taken down. That's the message: It's in every one of us.

Zamperini admits he was an unlikely hero. He once said, "I was rotten."

Louie was a little, troubled, immigrant Italian kid who stole and drank and seemed destined to amount to nothing. His choices made the difference. And that rebellious streak. Without it, he might not have been an athlete or survived the war. That fire inside some is a terrible and destructive thing, but if directed in the right way, it can be so powerful.

Zamperini endured gruesome torture. He talks about his jailers forcing him to do push-ups on piles of excrement. How graphic is the film?

I've made a film that's PG-13, and it's a war film—which is not easy to do! Yes? [*Jolie steps away from the phone for a second.*] One of my kids just asked me for toilet paper; hold on!

Toilet paper? That's right on cue!

[laughs] Yeah. Anyway, I think it's good for young people to see that war is bloody and violent and scary. The trick was presenting it in a way that isn't unbearable to watch. Louis' journey is amazing: It has sharks and plane crashes and B-24 bombers!

You turn 40 next summer. You seem to be trying to get so much done, so fast. Why? Maybe it's because both my mother and grandmother died young, so I learned to never assume that there will be an old age. Also, I like being busy. When I'm sitting on vacation doing nothing, I'm a maniac, absolutely the worst person! I'm a nightmare! To the benefit of all, I stay busy.

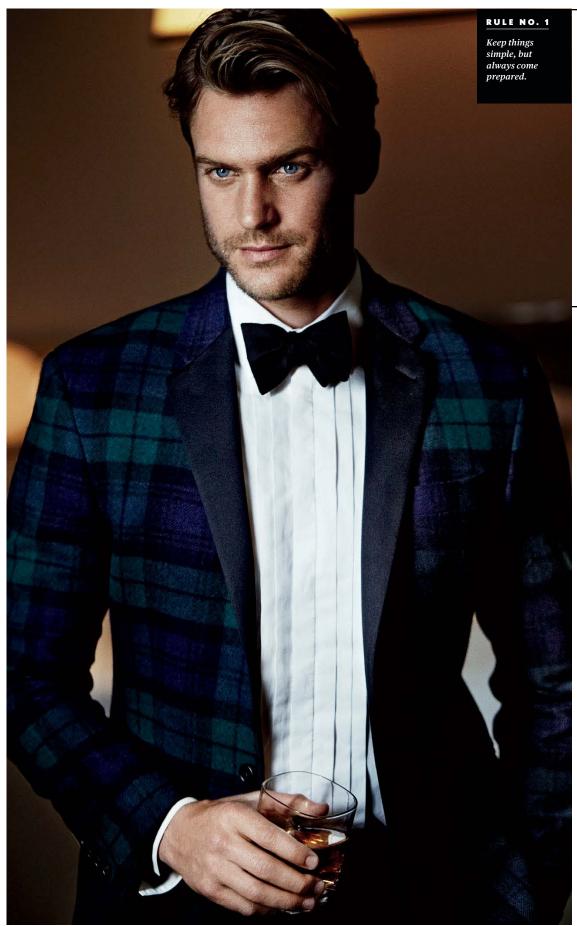
So, what's next?

I love directing and the work I do with refugees. But the most important thing I must do is get my kids through their teens—which is going to be a huge challenge in my life!

If they're anything like I was...I'm terrified! ■







"HE LOOKED CAREFULLY AROUND THE ROOM TO SEE IF ANYTHING HAD BEEN **FORGOTTEN** AND SLIPPED HIS SINGLE-BREASTED DINNER-JACKET COAT OVER HIS HEAVY SILK EVENING SHIRT... HE VERIFIED IN THE MIRROR THATTHERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NO SIGN OF THE FLAT GUN **UNDER HIS** LEFT ARM."

-IAN FLEMING CASINO ROYALE, 1953

On him: Peak-lapel tuxedo (\$2,995), Ermenegildo Zegna. Pleated-front shirt (\$387), Paul Stuart. (\$387), Paul Stuart. Satin cummerbund/ bow-tie set (\$178), LBM 1911. Shirt studs (\$100) and cuff links (\$100), Proper Cloth. Slip-on patent leather shoes (\$130), Calvin Klein. On her: Pewter gown, Johanna Johnson. Ring, Silvie Collection. Black patent leather pumps, Jimmy Choo. OPPOSITE PAGE OPPOSITE PAGE On him: Black wool tuxedo with charcoal peak lapels (\$3,250), flannel dress shirt (\$725), and black tie (\$45), Calvin Klein Collection. On her: Embroidered dress, Reem Acra.





"ALTOGETHER,
BOND DECIDED,
SHE WAS A
VERY LOVELY GIRL
AND BENEATH
HER RESERVE, A
VERY PASSIONATE
ONE. AND, HE
REFLECTED,
SHE MIGHT BE
A POLICEWOMAN
AND AN EXPERT
AT JUJITSU,
BUT SHE ALSO
HAD A MOLE
ON HER RIGHT
BREAST!"

-IAN FLEMING MOONRAKER, 1955





"A QUOTATION
HAD COME
INTO BOND'S MIND
AS HIS CAB
MOVED OUT
OF PENNSYLVANIA
STATION: 'SOME
LOVE IS FIRE, SOME
LOVE IS RUST.
BUT THE FINEST,
CLEANEST LOVE IS
LUST: NEITHER
HAD ANY REGRETS."
—IAN FLEMING
GOLDFINGER,

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Brunello Cucinelli; available at Brunello Cucinelli, (212) 627-9202. Slip-on patent shoes, Calvin Klein; available at calvinklein.com/collection. On her: Pewter gown Johanna Johnson; available at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. Ring, Sylvie; availableatsylviecollection .com. Black patent pumps, Jimmy Choo; available at iimmychoo.com. p. 93: On him: Black tuxedo with wool peak lapels, charcoal dress shirt, and black tie. Calvin Klein Collection: available at calvinklein.com/collection. On her: Beaded dress with feathered skirt. Reem Acra; available at reemacra.com. pp. 94-95: On him: Burgundy velvet tuxedo, Tommy Hilfiger, available at Tommy Hilfiger, NYC. Bib-front shirt and bow tie, Proper Cloth; available at propercloth.com. Socks, Brunello Cucinelli; available at Brunello Cucinelli, (212) 627-9202. Black lace-up shoes, Ermenegildo Zegna; available at Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques On her: Silver bracelet, David Yurman; available at davidvurman.com. Jeweled pumps, Jimmy Choo; available at jimmychoo.com. p. 98: Armisen/ Brownstein, Maarten de Boer/Contour by **Getty Images**

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you could be served a beer by Santa himself, but you gotta believe.



CARRIE BROWNSTEIN AND FRED ARMISEN: PORTLANDIA'S RESIDENT QUIRKSTERS (AND REAL-LIFE ROCKERS) WEIGH IN ON THE HEREAFTER.

So how do you guys want to go? FRED: On the Haunted Mansion ride in Disneyland, so that upon seeing my body, people say, "That's a little too realistic." CARRIE: In my sleep. Or torn apart by wild animals.

Are you going to heaven or hell, and why?

c: Hell. I've never done anything too terrible or illegal, but I feel like hell would be a more interesting place to hang out. All the subversives and incendiaries and

weirdos-that's who I want to be around. F: Hell. In the satanic religion (666!), we are taught to honor the words of the Necronomicon. There's a wonderful passage about the afterlife (to be said in echoing whispered tones with ominous music playing underneath): "In hortucus im pleribus om hactoribus flen nocturnum."

What song or album is playing in hell on repeat? F: "Happy Birthday to You," but

slowed way down. C: I bet hell plays the Eagles on repeat. I'll bring noise-canceling headphones.

What anecdote do you each hope the other won't tell at your funeral? F: The time I cried in her living room. That does not leave this page! I will deny this happened, if asked. c: No comment.

Which musicians are playing at your funeral? And what songs? F: Prince. "I Would Die 4 U."

c: Paul Westerberg. "Sixteen Blue," "Unsatisfied," "Androgynous," "I Will Dare." Anything by the Replacements would suffice.

What's the most "Portland" business, bar, or restaurant you've experienced, and how did it compare to what's on the show? C: Portland is far weirder than Portlandia. A food cart once complained to me that they had too many customers. F: A food cart that makes fruit juices, but

the way to power the blender is by riding a stationary bicycle. It was appropriate.

Your bands. Trenchmouth and Sleater-Kinney, are going on one last, pre-death tour. Who's the headliner? Fine, we know it's Sleater-Kinney. F: Exactly. In fact, we would be happy just working the merch table. c: I know it's Sleater-Kinney, too.

If you could be reincarnated as one of the characters you have played, which would you pick and why? C: Toni from the feminist bookstore. She's mysterious. Also, I like how she exists in a world of comfort but is still prickly. Like a cozy sweater with the tag still attached. F: Spyke, the bicyclerights auv. He's the best at self-expression.

Who do you most want to haunt or spy on from the afterlife? F: A huge arena of football fans during a Super Bowl. So not expected. c: Not who, but where. Some place relaxing. I'll haunt a beach in Hawaii.

If heaven were like Portland, what would the similarities be? Differences? c: People would be friendly. Lines would be shorter. F: The clouds!

What do you want to have engraved on your tombstones? F: "Buried Alive." c: "I Wanted to Be Cremated!"

For more with Carrie and Fred, go to Maxim.com.





DIOR HOMME EAU FOR MEN

